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MISS ALICE HUGHES.

MRS LESLIE-MELVILLE AND HER CHILDREN.

59, Gower Street.



COUNTRY LIFE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

PROBABLY, if a Parliament in its wisdom were to pass a law making it a high misdemeanour for anyone on any consideration whatever to give anything in the nature of a Christmas-box, the majority of us would obey such a behest with a cheerful countenance; yet it is unquestionable that the much-maligned usage has a kindly side. The master who has a faithful servant, let him be in what capacity, is only too glad to gratify his humble friend by a little present at this season of the year. Broadly speaking, it may be said that when a Christmas-box is a recognition of services that have already been rendered, very little objection can be taken to it. Corruption comes in when it arises from that gratitude which has been wittily defined as "a lively sense of favours to come." Sir Edward Fry, in a letter written some days ago to *The Times*, gave an example where it might, and no doubt actually does, take place. He says: "Suppose a gardener is paid 5 per cent. on the amount of the orders given for the garden, he is placed under a direct inducement to order more than is needful, whereas his duty to his master requires him to order only what is required. He is placed under a like inducement not to point out any faults in the goods supplied, whereas his duty requires that he should be vigilant in respect of all defects." The illustration is a very apt one. It is to be feared that gardeners at country houses have been in the habit of receiving from those who supply seeds, plants, bulbs and so on a present that could easily be brought under any ordinary definition of a "secret commission." The mischievousness of the practice could scarcely be more clearly pointed out than in the words of Sir Edward Fry. It is bad for the buyer to know that his goods will be accepted, not because of their intrinsic worth, but for the reason that arrangements have been made with a subordinate who will accept them to suit his private interests. It is bad for the gardener himself, because he has every inducement to declare the produce excellent whatever may be its faults, and to abstain from scanning it too curiously or allowing his master to do so. A suggestion has been made that the employer's consent should be asked before such a present is offered; but, if so, we imagine that the employer of sense and experience would be very reluctant to give

it. He would probably come off much better in the end if he were himself to give a liberal present to his servant. At any rate, that could not in any sense come under the name of corruption, whereas a Christmas present coming from one who has no connection with the recipient, except that which lies between a seller and a buyer, could scarcely be anything but corrupt.

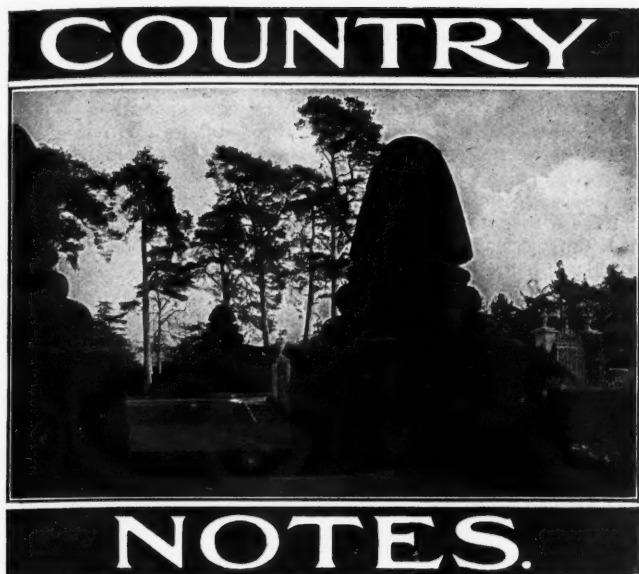
The Attorney-General's dictum that "Christmas presents which really have that character and are openly and honestly given as such cannot be within the Act" begs the question altogether. If the donor of such a gift keeps in the lowest depths of his mind a hope that it will induce the receiver to look more favourably upon his list when the time comes for giving orders, then the intention is corrupt, although it would be difficult to prove that it is so in a court of law. A great many tips casually given at Christmas-time come from a mixture of natural gratitude and self-interest. Take a railway porter for an example. He is given a present partly because he has made himself useful in the past—though the chances are in favour of his having been recompensed on every occasion when he exerted himself—and partly to keep him in good humour in the future. Vaguely and indirectly corruption could be traced to the idea, because the man who gives the tip is usually hopeful that he will receive more attention than other passengers on the same line. But, still, the advantage for which he pays is so slight that the law could scarcely take cognisance of it. It is a much more serious matter when the person tipped has the buying for an estate to do. We take the gardener as a typical example, and as one that happened to lie at the hand of Sir Edward Fry when he wrote his letter; but there are many other functionaries exposed to the same temptations. Here and there the master or mistress of a household looks personally into the business transactions and chooses the various tradesmen and purveyors; but it also happens very frequently that all this business is relegated to servants, and this, for obvious reasons, happens more frequently about Christmas than any other time of the year.

In the stress of competition tradesmen very frequently have resort to certain indirect forms of bribery. Of these it is he feared that a Christmas present is one, especially since the passing of the recent law in regard to secret commissions has, there is reason to believe, inspired a considerable amount of terror on the part of those who used to choose that way of doing business. The whole thing, however, is wrong in principle, and for the sake of others as well as themselves those who employ servants will do well to set their face against the bestowal of gifts in any form. Needless to say, we are not in saying this actuated by any desire to curtail gardeners, farm servants, high and low, or domestic servants of their legitimate enjoyment at Christmas-time. On the contrary, it is our fixed belief that the bond between man and man tends to become far too exclusively a merely pecuniary one. The relations between them were much pleasanter when the master was glad to extend a little extra kindness at a season of the year like the present, and the servant on his part was never unwilling to lend a hand in things that lay outside the contract. But there is a very great difference between the head of a household rewarding those who are in his service and have discharged their duties to his satisfaction and the representatives of commercial houses coming in and offering money or its equivalent in order to obtain a greater share of business in the future. This is a practice that cannot be condemned too strongly, and it would be well if a greater spirit of independence could be developed in those to whom this temptation is offered. After all, it must be extremely humiliating to a man desirous of doing his duty when a stranger seeks to lead him into dishonesty by offering what is neither more nor less than a bribe. He might take a present either of money or goods from one whom he has zealously served without having the slightest reason to feel ashamed or humiliated; he has the satisfaction, at any rate, of being able to make a return for it. And there is some reason to doubt whether the recipient ever gets much good from outside contributions; if he is at all scrupulous they must disturb the good conscience that all of us like to have at Christmas-time, and it is probable that gains of this kind, like winnings on the race-course, come with the fife and go with the drum.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Leslie-Melville and her children. Mrs. Leslie-Melville is a daughter of the late Colonel Harvey-Kelly and widow of Mr. Allan Daly. Her marriage to Mr. Alexander Brodrick Leslie-Melville took place in 1905.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



EARL GREY has proved himself to be an ideal Governor-General of Canada, and the latest of his proposals is sure to meet with a popular reception. It is that the battlefields of Quebec, including the famous Plains of Abraham, should be made into a park to be named after King Edward, and preserved henceforth as a public memorial of the 300th anniversary of the first exploration of Canada. In his speech to the Women's Canadian Club advocating this he scored one or two effective points. The immigrant on his arrival at New York, he said, was greeted by the statue of Liberty; but the immigrant to Canada when he looked up to the Plains of Abraham did not see any inspiring monument, but a gaol which actually stood on the sacred spot where Wolfe gave up his life. He proposes that the gaol, the rifle factory and other places at present on the battlefields should be removed, and that a museum to contain historical relics should be built and an avenue made round the battlefield, overlooking on the one side the St. Lawrence River and on the other the valley of the river St. Charles. He is not far wrong in saying that this drive for historical interest and natural beauty would probably be the first in the world. His proposal is in every respect an excellent one, and we may trust to his energy to see that it will be carried out.

Mr. Haldane set a very good example at Hampstead on Saturday last when distributing the prizes to the boys at University College School. He explained to them, with the clearness of which he is a master, the function that the King fills in the Government of the country. It used to be the fashion to say that under our constitutional Government the Sovereign was only a figure-head, and the Prime Minister of the day the real ruler. But the letters of Queen Victoria went a very long way to dissipate this hallucination. And now Mr. Haldane shows that the King exercises a supreme influence, and that it is to the credit of Edward VII. that this has always been exercised for the benefit of the country. The lecture is one that adults as well as children may read with great profit and instruction.

Another tragic story has been added to the many in the records of the Scilly Isles. During the great gale at the end of last week the large American schooner, the Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, was driven on to the shore of Annet, the island well known on account of the nesting of the sea-birds there. It had a crew of nineteen, sixteen of whom were drowned, including the pilot. He was a man from St. Agnes, bearing the well-known local name of Hicks, and it happened that one of his sons was in the lifeboat. The wreck will always be remembered on account of the heroism of this young man. The captain of the foundered ship was discovered on the Helewether rock injured, and unable to swim to the rope thrown from the St. Agnes boat. Seeing the strait to which the captain was reduced, young Hicks, fully dressed in his oilskins and sea-boots, sprang into the water and carried the rope through the breakers among the jagged rocks to the helpless man. He was able to fasten the rope round the captain, who was taken into the boat before he himself returned. It was a gallant deed, and all the more so because of the shadow of his father's death which lay in the background.

Much attention has been directed to the American Fleet's trip to the Pacific, but the most moderate and well-informed commentators do not see that there is any real ground of alarm. The war with Spain showed the United States that a fleet was necessary to their well-being, and for a long time past they

have been gradually constructing one. The time has come now when it is necessary to experiment with it; and Great Britain, at any rate, has no reason to be surprised, for in the ordinary routine we are constantly despatching fleets to very distant parts of the world. The Americans are no doubt making an expensive trial. In its expedition to the Pacific the fleet must, practically speaking, board and feed itself, and the outlay on these two items is estimated at about £2,000,000. No doubt the game is worth the candle, but it is absurd to imagine that any demonstration against the Japanese is meant. President Roosevelt is the last man in the world to sanction anything of the kind, and if he had been so ill-advised as to do so it is certain that he would not have directed so much attention to the event.

A more than usually interesting lecture was delivered at a general meeting of the Auctioneers' Institute a few nights ago by Mr. J. G. Head on the buried rivers of London. It was a very practical paper, touching chiefly on the difficulties encountered in dealing with property from the presence of water in the soil. The rivers primarily dealt with were the Holebourne and the Walbrook, although several other watercourses were described. It is a curious fact, illustrating the quantity of water under the metropolis, that the Roman Bath in Strand Lane still delivers 7,000 gallons of water daily, and that the horse trough in Cornhill is supplied by its own spring. Mr. Head also mentioned that in the course of the excavations now in progress near the Bank of England, for the new buildings of the Northern Assurance Company, a wide stream had been encountered, which was probably a tributary of the old Walbrook. A curious discovery was that of an old oaken chest in the mud, that had been deposited at the bottom of the river. It has not yet been opened, and when that ceremony takes place it is just possible that contents valuable from the historical and antiquarian point of view will be disclosed.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Come, ye children, join your voices
In the chorus that rejoices
That a Child is born to-day.

Scarlet berry, drifting snow,
Frozen streams in sunrise glow
Greet the Child that's born to-day.
Shepherds watching all the night long
See a star born, hear the birth song
For the Child that's born to-day.

From the Far East ride the Kings
Bearing mystic offerings
To the Child that's born to-day.

This, O children, is your fête-day
In your likeness glad and gay
To the Child that's born to-day.

Happy children, joyous only,
Children sad at heart and lonely
Love the Child that's born to-day!

DRUSILLA MARY CHILD.

Very great sympathy will be felt with the resolution of the Chamber of Agriculture to the effect that this industry ought to be represented in Parliament; but there are many practical difficulties in the way. Those responsible for the movement have, no doubt, been influenced to some extent by the success of the Labour Party. They argue that because this very numerous class of the community is able to send its own representatives to Parliament to take care of its interests, so, therefore, a huge industry should be able to secure a smaller representation. But the largest industry is not the same as a class—particularly when that class is one so numerous as that of the working men; secondly, it would be of very little use to pretend that all who are engaged in husbandry could be united in the choice of a representative. Theoretically, the interest of the owner, the tenant and the farm labourer may be identical; but practically the third and largest class is often opposed to the two smaller classes. It would be no easy matter to secure a Parliamentary candidate who could, at one and the same time, secure the votes of all three.

In the next place, it would be difficult to name any constituency that is purely agricultural. Even in a thoroughly rural district there are generally a few industries that are sufficient to outnumber the agricultural interests. Especially is this true of late, when economic conditions demand that the work of husbandry should be done with the fewest number of hands possible. It is a small factory that would give employment to only twenty-five men; but with the present machinery, what a vast quantity of land could be and is cultivated by that number of farm servants. Thus it would probably only be by a fluke, or

the popularity of some individual candidate, that a representative wholly devoted to agricultural interests could be chosen; and of what use would he be in Parliament? Without a following he would have no weight, and by standing outside the bounds of a party he would only nullify his own vote.

The stronger policy would appear to be for those engaged in agriculture to insist upon every candidate binding himself to represent them adequately in Parliament before giving him their vote. In most cases they would not be able to elect a representative for themselves; but there are very few constituencies in England where the agricultural vote is not worth consideration. Even in the towns a very large number of electors are so much interested in agrarian questions that they will always give their votes to the man who seems likely to carry their theories into practice. Therefore, by defining in the clearest way possible the programme that they wish to have carried out in Parliament, and by insisting upon its acceptance by the candidate who asks their support, agriculturists seem likely to put themselves in a much better position for effective movement than if they struggled to form a new party in the House of Commons.

An important suggestion has been made to the effect that owners of traction engines and steam motor-vehicles should be compelled to use some adequate means for arresting the sparks of live fuel emitted from their furnaces. The danger caused is not open to question; and it is increased by the fact that a great deal of this heavy traffic is done by night, when those whose premises may be set on fire are not at hand to extinguish the flames. We have to remember that by the side of the highway are many erections that can easily take fire—thatched cottages, wooden sheds, stackyards, hayricks and other constructions of inflammable material. Since those who drive engines and steam motor-vehicles are responsible for the new danger that has been created, it seems only reasonable that they should be required to take the necessary precautions for preventing loss.

At this season of the year it is pleasant to find out that the exchange of greeting cards at Christmas was the invention of that delightfully humorous novelist, the Rev. Edward Bradley, better known as "Cuthbert Bede." Few who know the novels of the last generation can have forgotten "Verdant Green" and "Patty Honeywood," and especially the latter's singing of "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls." Cuthbert Bede had a card printed from his own design as long ago as 1845, and two years later his printers discovered that there was a market for them. The year following Cuthbert Bede's experiment Mr. J. C. Horsley designed a card for Sir Henry Cole; 1,000 copies of this were sold, and one of them that turned up the other day changed hands for £50. In those early days nobody could have dreamed what an institution the Christmas card was to become.

A point of very great interest was recently raised by a meeting of Argyllshire fishermen at Campbeltown. Their object was to protest against torpedo practice in the Clyde, on the ground that it had the effect of frightening the herring and thereby destroying their means of livelihood. Incidentally, complaint was made that the officers had used scant ceremony in ordering the fishermen off the grounds where they were pursuing their calling, giving them, at least in one case, only five minutes' notice. There appears to be some hardship involved; although it is quite possible that the fishermen are making the most of it. At any rate, it seems absolutely necessary that a great city like Glasgow should be thoroughly protected as regards the approach to it by sea, and it is difficult to understand how that can be brought about except by a certain amount of torpedo practice. The proposal that His Majesty's ships should be forbidden, like beam trawlers, to come within the three-mile limit, is not practicable. It is absolutely necessary for the safety of the nation that torpedo practice should take place in our great estuaries; but, of course, it is equally obvious that the officers should be instructed to carry it out with as little dislocation of local industry as is compatible with efficiency.

The occurrence of the Cattle Show affords a convenient opportunity for the meetings of the many breeding societies, and several interesting announcements are made in regard to them this year. The Shire Horse Society has chosen as judges for the February exhibition Messrs. John Blundell, A. H. Clark and William Howkins. It has provided a new class for barren mares. The large Black Pig Society has decided to move its headquarters from Ipswich to London, where it will take up a position beside many other societies in Hanover Square. Lord Onslow has been elected president for the ensuing year. The English Kerry and Dexter Cattle Society has sent a recommendation to the judges nominated by the society that in making their awards in the Dexter classes they should keep in view and

regard as typical the small form of Dexter. The Dairy Shorthorn Association had under consideration proposed instructions to judges asking them to pay regard to qualities other than deep milking. The argument is that the shorthorn is a double-purpose cow, and should not be entirely devoted to milk, but that attention should be paid to size, quality and general excellence. The Shorthorn Society is to give no less than £1,010 prizes at the show in 1908, a sum which will give a fillip to breeding. The National Sheep Breeders' Association was engaged chiefly in discussing proposed recommendations of the Board of Agriculture with reference to sheep-scab regulations. The majority of the members seem to wish that more drastic measures shall be taken for the eradication of this disease.

In pursuance of the general system of open-air treatment of consumptives, a scheme is announced for giving convalescents active and remunerative open-air employment, within their strength, in market gardening. Lord Carrington has made the offer of a site suitable for the purpose on high ground near High Wycombe, Bucks, and a meeting has already been held, under Miss Dove's chairmanship, to consider the best means of getting the scheme into working order. The whole idea is admirable, but perhaps one word of caution in connection with it may not be amiss. People have a fear which may be morbid and exaggerated, but is at least natural enough, of infection by the germ of consumption, and if the proposed scheme is to be worked on a profit-making system it would be very wise to get a strong opinion from high medical authorities that there could not be even the most remote risk of disseminating the germs of this cruel disease by means of the fruit and vegetables of this farm.

CAROL.

O the leaves they grow so green!—
And the berries they glow so bright!—
A wreath I'll make for the sweet Babe's sake
That was born of a winter's night!

No gifts have I, good Lord—
Gold, frankincense nor myrrh!
Save the berries that shine and the leaves that twine
And the breath of the fragrant fir!

The star has her sapphire crown!
The morn has her pearly ring!
The hoar in the moss lays silver across;—
What have I, dear Lord, to bring?

O the berries they burn so red!
And the leaves they grow so green!
A song I'll make for the sweet Babe's sake
That was born of a winter's e'en!

Ye who this carol hear,
God send you merry cheer!—
A heart made white this Christmas night,
And the hope of a glad New Year!

ALICE F. GILLINGTON.

It is well, when the occasion offers, to point out merits not always appreciated in the English climate, above all in the English winter. Just now, when the sun is at its lowest, we find its rays, on the rare days of sunshine, stealing very far into the rooms and penetrating and enlivening corners that never catch a glint of its radiance when it is riding higher in the sky. Now and then, to our surprise, we may catch a light wholly unsuspected on a very familiar picture hanging in a very familiar room. More often it reveals the cobweb unsuspected by the housemaid who did her work in the dark hours of the morning. Very likely it is for our better health that such a microbe-destroying agent, as the sunbeam is said to be, should now and again take the opportunity of entering the windows with a level shaft and piercing corners unlit in the more brilliant summer.

One would almost have thought that an Arctic climate might have sufficed to preserve the musk ox of the Barren Lands from the intemperate zeal of the slayers of big game—sportsmen is perhaps hardly the name for these wholesale killers. It would appear that it is not so. The musk ox and caribou of Labrador are said to have been so killed down by the rifles of the whalers and other adventurers into that inhospitable country that the native Esquimaux are reduced to the very direst straits to find sustenance. Hopes are expressed that the Canadian Government may still be in time to interfere before both beast and man, who lives upon the beast, are too far reduced for any redemption; but if the difficulty is great in affording any adequate police protection for wild game in other parts of the world, such as the United States and Africa, how infinitely more difficult it must be in a region like this which the musk ox and the Esquimaux share, or did share, between them.

We hear a great deal of complaint from fox-hunters that though foxes are plentiful enough in many countries they are not nearly so game, so swift or so ready to break covert and give a good run in the open as they used to be. It is said that the old silver "greyhound" fox, which used to be the joy of English fox-hunting, is dying out, and that his degenerate descendants will hardly venture to show their noses outside the covert. There may be something in all this; fox nature may have changed; but can we not see a fairly obvious

cause why foxes may be less ready to face the open than they used to be. In every direction, all over our island, more and more small houses are springing up. These all mean more population, more enclosed policies, more impediments to the fox, who might be thinking of quitting his covert and making his point in another at a great distance. It is very likely that the fox will become more and more disposed to remain in the sheltered woodland as the open country becomes more and more beset with objects of his aversion.

THE "BLACK JACK."

THOUGH the use of this once popular English

drinking vessel—a relic of the days when the lord and master partook of his meals in the company of his menials—has completely died out, in common with other old utensils, its historical associations are never without interest to the lover of ancient customs. The name of the "black jack" arose from its close resemblance to the leather coat worn by soldiers, called "jack" for many centuries, and known to the

French archers as "jacque d'Anglois." It was invariably made of one piece of leather, strongly stitched at the junction of the body with the handle, which was fashioned of several thicknesses. History records its continuous use as a drinking vessel in England for at least five centuries, and its praises have been sung in many old English ballads. Its superior lasting qualities are thus praised in a ballad of the seventeenth century:

No Tanker'd, Flaggon, Bottle nor Jugg
Are halfe so good, or so well can hold Tugg,
For when they are broke or full of cracks,
Then they must fly to the brave black Jacks,
And I wish that his heires may never want
sack

That first devis'd the bonny black Jack.

One of the most interesting allusions is that in the old descriptive and highly-popular ballad of Sir John Barleycorn, written about 1650, and many others might be quoted did space permit. The black jack was frequently adopted as a public-house sign, and several well-known inns throughout the country are called by this name to this day. Though frequently recorded in the inventories of monasteries and of the ancient colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, not a single specimen of a monastic black jack has survived. Cambridge does not possess one, and only two are at Oxford—one at Queen's College, the other at New College—and one of these only came into the possession of the former college by gift as recently as fifty years ago, having previously belonged to Hever Castle. The other Oxford black jack, at New College, is smaller and of later date. On the well-preserved buttery hatch in this college may be seen some exceedingly interesting fifteenth century carvings of black jacks in the arch spandrels. The only public schools in England which still preserve their old leather drinking vessels are Winchester College, where there are two black jacks of different



JACK IN WOODEN WAGGON & THREE OTHERS AT THORESBY PARK.

Guild of Cordwainers at Oxford is in the possession of Mr. H. C. Moffat of Goodrich Court; another, with the arms of the Company of Masons, belongs to Viscount Lifford; while the black jack of the Lincoln Guild of Bellringers is still in existence.

The old hospitals of this country also had their black jacks, if the Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester, where there are two, may be cited as an example. One of the historical specimens that have survived the vicissitudes of time is the large one, 21in. high, cut with the cypher and crown of King Charles I. and the date 1646, which came from Kensington Palace and is now in the British Museum. A very similar black jack, in perfect condition, 2½in. higher, also part of the Royal treasure of the same unhappy king, and engraved with the same cypher, crown and date, belongs to Mr. George Fitzwilliam of Milton, Peterborough. Earl Beauchamp is fortunate in possessing no fewer than ten, of various dates, sizes and shapes, which are now, or were until recently, in daily use in the servants' hall at Madresfield Court. Two other fine old black jacks of the seventeenth century, 19in. and 20in. high, are at Warwick Castle. One of these is painted with the Greville arms, and the other with two crests—the Greville crest, and the bear and ragged staff of the Saxon Earls of Warwick. As will be seen from the last illustration, both these vessels have been mounted in metal to protect the leather from breakage, and a handle added to the top of one. These additions appear to have been made in 1823 by a craftsman named Spicer. In the dining-hall at the Chelsea Hospital are six large black jacks about 22in. high in an excellent state of preservation, dating from the seventeenth century, which are, however, no longer in use. Earl Manvers has, at Thoresby Park, a curious and unique old black jack of large dimensions, 19in. high, painted with the



JACOBAN SPECIMEN AT MILTON.

Manvers crest and motto, "Pie Repone Te" (Repose with pious confidence), and fixed in a wooden waggon on four wheels, for running along the table. These four mottoes are painted on the sides of the waggon: "Be merry and wise," "Repeat no old grievance," "Love in friendship," and "Avoid all disputes." Lord Manvers also owns three other black jacks of different sizes and shapes, from the large one, 15 in. high, to a small one of later date, probably about 1700, only 7 in. high. At Sir George Wombwell's seat, Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire, are three black jacks of three distinct types—a large one of the earlier shape, and two smaller ones of the later cylindrical form, which did not come into vogue until the end of the seventeenth century.

Several other examples of these interesting and typically English drinking vessels might be singled out for mention, including two at Stoneleigh Abbey, the Warwickshire seat of Lord Leigh; three at Castle Ashby, the Jacobean house of the Marquess of Northampton; others at Wentworth



THREE AT NEWBURGH PRIORY.



XVII. CENTURY JACKS IN CHELSEA HOSPITAL.



XVII. CENTURY JACKS AT WARWICK CASTLE.

Woodhouse, where, according to the household accounts of Earl Fitzwilliam in 1810, the average amount spent on beer per month was considerably above £100; and two, belonging to the Earl of Onslow, at Clandon Park, which bear the family crest, with the date 1623 and the initials of the original owner, Sir Richard Onslow, Knight, M.P. for the county of Surrey in three Parliaments. The earlier and larger black jacks were rarely if ever mounted with silver bands, though Heywood in his "Philocothonista," 1635, alludes to "small jacks we have in many ale-houses of the cities and suburbs, tipt with silver, besides the great black jacks and bombards at the court." Enterprising forgers have prepared, mostly for the American market, a goodly number of these leather vessels, elaborately mounted in silver, with medallion portraits of Cromwell and other historical personages, together with their arms highly embossed in silver.

A word must be said as to the later and smaller black jacks—more correctly described as leather mugs—which were made in small numbers, with silver linings and mounts, at the end of the seventeenth century and the first ten years of the next century. A few of these may be seen occasionally.

The black Jack, the merry black Jack,
As it is tost on high-a,
Grows, flows—till at last they fall to blows,
And makes their noddles cry-a.

E. ALFRED JONES.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

TO play the part of Boswell to a labouring man is not an ambition that would appeal to many writers. It is so much easier to write a biography of those who are important and distinguished. They are sure to have mixed with interesting people, and to have had in their lives incidents of an arresting character; but he who chooses his subject from the obscure ranks of labour must depend for success upon his own sympathy, insight and power of expression. Mr. George Bourne has done that with a success which is at once sad and brilliant in his *Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer* (Duckworth). The hero of it is the same Bettesworth who figured in a previous volume by the same writer; but we are almost inclined to think that for once the sequel is greater than the book which it followed. We cannot too warmly express our admiration of Mr. Bourne's achievement, the imagination and ability which have enabled him to grasp the only half-articulate ideas of one ignorant in all respects, except in so far as Nature and experience had educated him, and for the patience and understanding with which he follows step by step the labouring man's decay. For in this volume Bettesworth has fallen into "the sere, the yellow leaf," and we do not know of any place in English literature in which the sad ending follows more naturally. It is evident that Mr. Bourne is possessed of infinite patience, and he has also that eye for detail without which it would not be possible to complete the picture. A charm of the book, too, is its unconsciousness. Mr. Bourne took his notes without any idea that the end was approaching. Bettesworth himself is far from being a lugubrious character. On the contrary, he is full of good cheer, a man who loves his jest and finds a daily pleasure alike in his labour and in intercourse with his fellows. Yet that he is failing and feeble is apparent from the beginning of the book. In the very first chapter he is engaged in making "an arched way of larch poles and wire to cover a short flight of steps in the garden." The idea was to train two overgrown briar roses over this arch. We are told that:

If work had not been scarce, it would have been cruel to let him undertake such a job. To make up for his defective sight, it was his way to grope out blindly for a thing just before him, and find it by touch; and in dealing with this briar, with its terrible thorns, his hands got into a pitiable state. Thus it is shown that he was already losing his eyesight. He says:

"When I went 'ome yesterday and washed my hands, goo! didn't they smart wherever the cold water touched one o' they scratches! My ol' gal says to me, 'What be ye hushin' about?' 'So ye'd hush,' I says, 'if you'd bin handlin' the roses all the aft'noon, same as me.'"

We make this quotation for the sake of the word "hushin'." Bettesworth is a very natural man, and by an instinct he generally uses the best word. In fact, Mr. Bourne would have earned our gratitude if he had done nothing else beyond preserving the idioms of the labouring class. A few examples may be taken at random. Telling how he caught cold, he said:

"If I'd ha' put on my wrop as soon's I left off work," he said, "I should ha' bin aw-right. 'Stead o' that, I went scrawneckin' off 'ome jest's I was, an' that's how I copt it."

Mr. Bourne's comment upon this is that the word "scrawnecking" "conjuges up a picture of him boring blindly ahead with skinny throat uncovered." Here is another sentence that illustrates at once a misuse of a book-word, and the introduction of one that has originated in the popular mind:

"I thought I'd take up them currant bushes," he said, "and put 'em in again in rotation"—in a straight row he meant, as he went on to explain. "They'd look better than all jaggled about, same as they be now."

"Jaggled" for "zigzagged" is an excellent word. The following passage illustrates the labourer's gift of expression:

"Oh, that young cat—she wouldn't care how many starlings she caught. She's goin' to be my cat (the cat for his favour). Every mornin', as soon as the servant opens the door, she (the cat) is out, prowlin' all round. And she don't mind the cold; you see, she liked the snow—played with it. Now, our old tab, as soon as I be out o' my nest she's in it. Very often she'll come on to our bed, heavin' and tuckin' about, to get into the warm."

The "heavin' and tuckin' about" is as pictorial as a passage of Tennyson. Here is a quotation that is remarkable not so much for the expression as for the country lore it gives:

"Now, ground ivy! That's a rare thing. If you bakes the roots o' that in the oven, an' then grinds it up to a powder, you no need to ca: yer horses to ye, after you've give 'em that. They'll foller ye for it. Dandelion roots the same. Make 'em as fat! And their coats come up mottled, jest as if you'd knocked 'em all over with a 'ammer. They'll foller ye about anywhere for that. I've give it to 'em, many's a time; bin out, after my day's work, all round the hedges, purpose to get things for my 'osses. There's lots o' things in the hedgerow as is good for 'em. So there is for we too, if we only knowed which they was. We shouldn't want much do:tor if we knowed about herbs."

"These little snibblin' frostis that we gets o' mornin's," contains a word that, although not in the dictionary, carries its meaning with it. "They little minners," for swarms of "white fly," is almost as good. But the chief interest of the book lies, of course, in the gradual breaking up of the labourer's strength.

His first grave misfortune was the loss of his wife. An outsider would probably not have considered her a very desirable woman, as she showed the effects of epilepsy, and, besides that, to put it mildly, was not very clean. This was brought into conspicuous notice when the owner of a new cottage he had hired took objection to such people being his tenants. Mr. Bourne himself intervened, but the results were not very satisfactory:

He listened to my hints that his wife was intolerably dirty, but (I write from memory) "What can I do, Sir?" he said. "I knows she en't like other women, with her bad hand and all." (She had broken her wrist some years before, and never regained its strength.) "But I can't afford to dress her like a lady, I told 'n so to his head; I can't keep a dressed-up doll, I says."

Neither could he, being so nearly blind, see that his wife was going about unwashed, grimy, like a dreadful apparition of poverty from the Middle Ages. To her it would have been useless to speak. Her epilepsy had impaired her intellect, and any suggestion of reform, even from her own husband, seemed to her a piece of persecution to be resented obstinately. It is a painful picture, and the pathos is increased when we consider the condition of the man himself, which is set forth graphically as follows:

There were the garden paths. With what care the old man drew his broom along them, working by faith and not sight, blindly feeling for the rubbish he could not see, and getting it all save from some corner or other of which his theories had forgotten to take account! Little nests of disorder collected in this way, to-day here, to-morrow somewhere else, surprising, offensive to the eye. Again, at the lawn-mowing, never man worked harder than Bettesworth, or more conscientiously; but he could not see the track of his machine, and seams of uncut grass often disfigured the smoothness of the turf even after he had gone twice over it to make sure of perfection.

His wife died at the Union, and for once we could have forgiven Mr. Bourne if he had not given so much detail. The old man himself lost one faculty after another till the end approaches. The last scene of all we cannot help quoting. The author had gone to see him on what proved to be his death-bed:

In the hope of helping him to realise that I was with him, I told of the garden, and how Bryant was mowing again, though in this hot weather the lawn was "getting pretty brown, you know." "Yes," he said, feebly, "and if you don't keep it cut middlin' short, it soon goes wrong." Next I reported on the potatoes—how well they were coming: "the same sort as you planted for me last year." "Ah—the *Victoria*, wa'n't they?" The question was a mere murmur. "No, *Duke of York*." "And don't you remember what a crop we had, when you planted 'em." There came the faintest of smiles, and "None of what I planted failed much, did they?" Indeed, no. The shallots he had planted during his last day's work had just been harvested; the beans which he sowed the same day had but now yielded their last picking. I told him they were over. "You can't expect no other," he said, meaning at this time of the year and in such dry weather. I mentioned the celery, reminding him, "You have sweated over watering celery, haven't you?" Again he just smiled, and I fancy this smile was the last sign of rational interest and pride in his labour.

SPORT IN NORWAY.

By SIR HENRY SETON-KARR.

THE summer of 1907 was as remarkable for rain in Norway as it was in the United Kingdom, particularly during the month of August. The result was that a constant succession of floods, in the rivers of the Trondhjem Amt especially, interfered with salmon-fishing to some extent, though no doubt it helped the upper beats of rivers like the Gula, the Orkla and the Stjoldal. North of Trondhjem, where there was a fairly fine summer in June and July, the large snow-fed rivers, such as the Namsen, the Vefsen and the Alten, yielded more or less excellent sport. Of the Namsen and the Alten I only speak on hearsay information; but it was my good fortune, as lessor of the lower beat of the Vefsen River, to participate in a record season's bag of 2½ tons of salmon during the months of June and July. The fish ran heavy, and our bag included 245 salmon, averaging just under 20lb. in weight, in addition to a large bag of grilse, although there was only one salmon caught over 40lb. in weight, and this fish (44lb.) was taken by a lady. The usual average weight of Vefsen salmon over a long period of years has been 18lb. The lower beat of the Vefsen includes the famous Foss pool, about a quarter of a mile square, from which over 200lb. of salmon were, on several occasions, in June and the first half of July of 1907, taken in a few hours' fishing by one rod. The secret of this pool appears to be that it is the first regular and convenient resting-place for the fish after they enter the river, until the height of the Foss and the temperature of the water suit them for further ascent. This remarkable pool also contains a great variety of fishing and holding water, and, in consequence, has the reputation of being the best salmon pool in Norway. There is a "breast," for instance, at its tail 250yds. or so in width, on some part of which, according to the height of

the river, the water is always in good fishing order until dead low summer level is reached. This "breast" is divided by an island in the centre of the river, on one side of which there is a good bank throw. Then, again, there is the central current of the pool, where there is always, more or less, good harling water, and on one side of this current is a large area of still, deep water where salmon can rest when so inclined. The native theory is that when the salmon run has fairly commenced the fish lie in this pool in shoals and move as the spirit stirs them, at one time up under the Foss and then back again to the shallower water at the tail. It is when the fisherman is fortunate enough to find a shoal of salmon lying on the "breast" of the pool that the great bags, for which this Foss pool is famous, are made. Between 7 p.m. one evening and 3 p.m. the following day, with a reasonable interval for supper, bed and breakfast, I was fortunate enough to take nineteen salmon, averaging 19lb. 5oz. in weight, out of Foss pool, besides a few grilse and also several good fish hooked and lost. This, I believe, is a record for the pool.

There are two ladders in the Foss over which a great volume of water runs, though the height is not great. These ladders, as well as ladders over a higher Foss some ten miles further up the river, have been made within the last ten years, and an interesting study of the movements of salmon up a river and their use of ladders is afforded by Vefsen records. It is sufficient to say here that Vefsen salmon, when once it suits them to take the lower Foss, appear to run up river and over the second Foss more rapidly in recent years than when the ladders were first made. It is a natural and common-sense inference that they have learnt by experience that the river is now open for a greater length than before, and run faster and further up the river accordingly. There is a stretch of water above the lower Foss,

for example, on which fair sport was obtainable for a year or two after the ladders were made. Particularly was this the case just above the Foss and on its very breast. It would appear as if the salmon, having ascended the newly-made ladders, lay for some time just above the Foss in what was then strange ground to them, and so gave sport to the angler. A heavy fish hooked just above the Foss afforded much excitement and many thrills. It was even betting that he went over the falls and left a disconsolate fisherman and a broken line behind. Now, sad to relate, this stretch of water gives poor fishing. The salmon do not lie there, apparently, so long as formerly, but proceed up stream with, in our view, unseemly haste to the upper waters they have learnt to know. But we know how unwise it is for mortals to dogmatise about the movements of migratory fish. We, for example, remember that the good fishing water below the Foss occupied most of our time, and the stretch above was in consequence not given a really fair chance by our party. That more fish were not hooked just above the falls may be accounted for by the fact that this particular piece of water was not too perseveringly fished. It is our habit, by the by, on the Vefsen, to mark and return to the river the majority of grilse caught. Some day we may, in consequence, know more of the movements of our salmon. It is worthy of mention, while on this subject of the movements of salmon, that the fish only ascend the lower Vefsen Foss when the water is on the low side. It is not a flood that takes them up. The temperature of the water, as well as its volume, is, no doubt, a factor in influencing the run of salmon, particularly up snow-fed rivers. It is also stated, on expert authority, that salmon, fat and fresh from the sea, are not so inclined to fight their way up the rushing torrent of a ladder as fish that have been in the river for some little time.

THE MUSIC OF THE MUMMERS.

CHRISTMAS festivities have been associated with music from time immemorial, and it is very interesting to trace the evolution of Christmas tunes during different periods by examining those which have been handed down *per scriptum et vivâ voce* from one generation to another. As Christmas was pre-eminently a Church festival, it is only natural that we should find that Church music was the foundation upon which Christmas tunes were originally built; and as the Church had codified its musical scales upon the lines of the ancient Greek modes, it follows that most, if not all, of the sacred and secular tunes passed on to us from earliest times are based on the tonality of these ancient modes or scales; so that when "on Christmas Eve the bells were rung, on Christmas Eve the Mass was sung," we may be quite sure that the Mass, with its reverential tunes, was sung in the archaic tonalities of these ancient modes, which differ so materially from our modern conception of scales, by the irregular distribution of tones and semitones, according to our present ideas on the subject. Then the earliest instances of harmony, as we now know and appreciate it, are crude, and appear to be built upon what the ancient authorities termed the "Cantus Fermus," or plain song, which is that which we now call "tune"; and as this "tune," or "Cantus Fermus," was based upon the archaic Greek modes or scales, the effect, to our ears, is distinctly primitive. This state of affairs lasted for many centuries, until the clergy instituted the "Miracle Plays," or "Mysteries," which were sanctioned and fostered by the Church, and became the principal vehicle by which the tunes obtained a greater freedom from the restraint of purely sacred formality; and as these plays, or mysteries, became more general, it gradually became compulsory for every nobleman to appoint a domestic officer, whose especial province was the "overseyinge and orderinge of playes and interludes plaid in ye XII dayes of Credenmas." This was "ye playe of ye Nativity." When, later, the taste for secular tunes had become more prominent through the agency of the troubadours, or minstrels, we find that as early as the reign of Henry II. a harper, named Jeffrey, received an annuity from the Benedictine Abbey of Hyde, near Winchester, and several of the abbeys in Wales retained a bard. This shows a great development of the secular tune, and in consequence of this it is not surprising to find that the minstrels, as the disseminators of the more enlightened movement, were correspondingly made much of by those in authority. John of Gaunt, in 1381, not only gave a charter to the representatives of the new movement, but was present when the first king of minstrelsy was elected, and it is interesting to note that the charter was granted by him as King of Castile and Leon "in our honour of Tutbury," whereby for all time a king of minstrels was to be elected annually at Christmas, and the election celebrated by a feast, to which the Prior of Tutbury should present a bull. As we read that the bull, which was duly presented, had its ears cropped, its tail docked, its hide smeared with tallow and its nostrils filled with pepper, and then let loose, only to be

afterwards "staked and baited," it appears as if the cultus of minstrelsy was trying to emulate the bull-fighting propensities of John of Gaunt's subjects. At any rate, it shows that the minstrels were obtaining recognition for their art. Indeed, shortly after this, in 1430, we find that the minstrels were far outstripping in popularity the priests, who had been their original benefactors, as we find that at the feast of the "Holie Cross," at Abingdon, Berks, a priest only received "four pennies" for singing Mass, but a minstrel received two shillings and fourpence, with lodging and provision for his horse, for singing for the guests. The minstrels held very high positions at Court, and most elaborate rules were laid down. "There shall be thirteen in number, one shall be 'virger,' which directeth them at all festyvall dayes, and Credenmas, in their statyones of blowings and pypings to such offiices as the offiicers might be warned to prepare for the Kynges meates and soupers. A wayte that nightelye pypes ye watche on Credenmas withen the courte fower tymes." This command shows that instrumental music was becoming general; but development had been very gradual, and instruments were only capable of producing sounds which reduplicated those of the human voice to a very large extent; hence we find that, being practically interchangeable, vocal and instrumental music was very closely allied. This being the case, we find that either ballads, which originally were descriptions of events, such as "Chevy Chase," "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslee," could be sung, or an accompaniment played, with the distinguishing tune to each verse, and in this way "Chevy Chase" was a favourite Christmas song, sung to the tune, most likely, of "The Hunt is Up." This interchange of tune from instrumental to vocal, and *vice versa*, and from sacred to secular, is met several times, one palpable instance being the use of the old hymn tune "Helmsley," which, in an almost identical form, was sung in "The Golden Pippin" at the commencement of last century, and danced as a hornpipe at Sadler's Wells! The possibility of the transference of tune from sacred to secular, and *vice versa*, shows undoubtedly the strong hold that sacred music has always had, and a most interesting instance of this is appended. It can safely be said that the instances quoted have never been made known before, as they were taken down from people wholly devoid of any musical attainments, who had merely received them by tradition. The "play," or "mystery," is an undoubted relic of antiquity, and clearly proves that even up to a short period ago Christmas tunes had passed unscathed through many generations, and still showed allegiance to those Church modes from which they undoubtedly had emanated. There are so many well-known Christmas carols that prove their descent that it is useless to quote them, but it is hoped the following excerpts from an ancient play, which has been invariably "spoken," but of which a musical example is given, may prove of interest. It may be added that it was taken down by the writer of this article about thirty years ago from an old man in the North of England, who was upwards of seventy years of age.

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD CHRISTMAS PLAY.

ST. GEORGE.

f
Stand out, Slash - er, and let.... no.... more be said, For

Andante con moto.
f

SLASHER.

it I draw my sword... I'm sure to break thy head! How canst thou break my

head? My .. hands and feet are knuc - kle - bone; I chal - lenge thee to field!

Here ensues the combat, in which St. George is wounded and falls to the ground. Then the Doctor enters and sings this:

Andante

I am Doc - tor Ho - cum Slo - cum Al - i - cum - pane, I'll touch his eyes, nose,

mouth and chin, And say "Rise, dead man," and he'll fight a - gain.

The Doctor succeeds in restoring St. George, the combat is renewed, and this time St. George is the victor! At the end of the play Satan appears, with the orthodox tail, which is palpably wagged from side to side by means of a

piece of string. He goes round with a collection plate and sings the following tune, which at once shows its Church origin, being built on the familiar "tone" still in use:

Andante. *accelerando.*

Here come I, Lit-tle Dev-il Doubt; Mon-ey I want— Put in this old clout, For it's mon-ey I want.

a tempo.

Mon-ey I crave; If you don't give me mon-ey, I'll sweep you all to the grave.

Now Fate has fill'd the mea-sure of my woes, And rent my heart with grief un-felt be-fore.

A most interesting point to be observed came under notice only a short time ago, and proves how historically accurate the first tune has been handed down by tradition. The ancient minstrel who wrote the music sung by St. George had evidently heard the tune given hereunder, as the first eight bars of St. George's melody are almost identical

with those eight bars; and the latter extract is vouched for by Dr. Burney, the celebrated musical historian of the eighteenth century, as having been copied by himself from the original manuscript, which is in the Vatican Library, and which was composed by a troubadour of the name of Gaucelm, who was a favourite minstrel of Richard I.

Now Fate has fill'd the mea-sure of my woes, And rent my heart with grief un-felt be-fore.

THE TARPON AND THE SHARK.

"I SHIPPED for the v'y'ge, Cap'n, and I'll stand by ye; but we're liable to land in Mexico!" Big drops stood on the boatman's forehead as he struggled desperately with his paddle against the fleeing tarpon that was dragging us swiftly out to sea. In the smoothest water the gunwales of our cranky little canoe stood but 5in. above the surface. Twice already, in fighting the big fish, I had nearly

capsized the tiny craft, and water had poured over its sides until we sat in a pool that reduced to 3in. the barrier between us and the gulf. For we were two miles off the coast in the Gulf of Mexico, white to the eastward a heavy squall was building, marked by black masses of clouds, capped by thunder-heads, and quite certain to strike us. It was the hurricane month, and, as the boatman fought with the paddle and I with the rod,

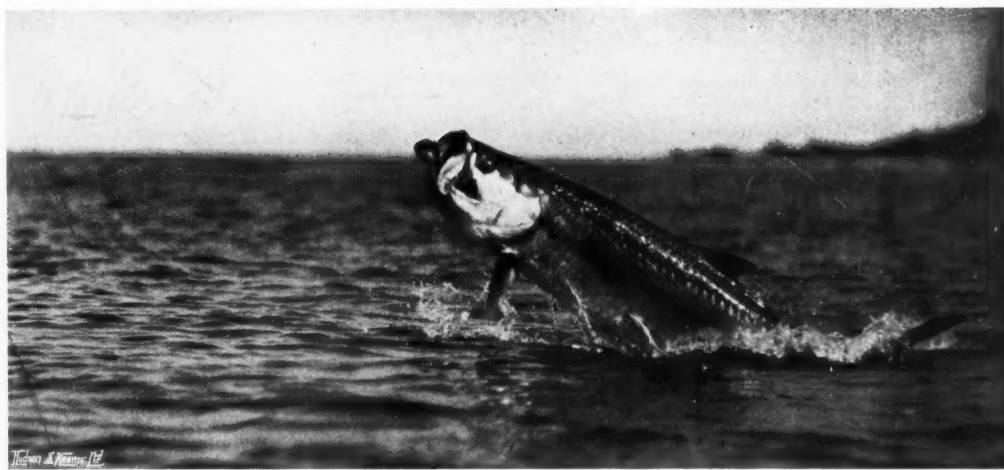


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A TINY CRAFT AND A MIGHTY FISH.

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neither of us needed to be told that we had no business to be outside of the pass. I had struck the tarpon an hour before in Charlotte Harbour, and, after a number of brilliant preliminary leaps, and a few quick runs in several directions that had threatened alike my equilibrium and my rod, he had dashed for the open gulf through Big Gasparilla Pass. In the swift current of the ebbing tide he had his own way with us, although I gave my tarpon line a chance to make good its warranted strength of 40lb., and braced against my shoulder the heavy rod until it cracked, while my boatman paddled mightily for the shore. But the silver king swam swiftly and strongly, with occasional joyous leaps, helped on by wind and tide, and always seaward, while the shore receded with every minute that passed. When the boatman ceased paddling for a moment, to bail out some of the water in which he sat, the bow of the bubble boat swung round till it pointed to the fish. Then I reeled rapidly and seemed to be bringing in the tarpon; but it was the canoe

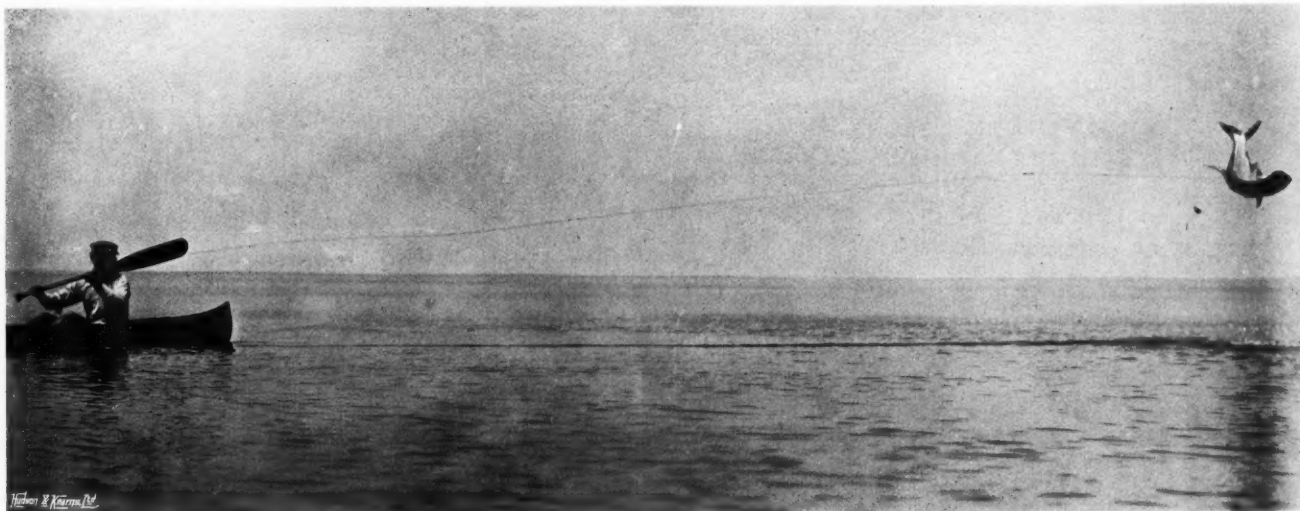


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"DASHING THROUGH BIG GASPARILLA PASS."

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that I held. We passed a bunch of cavalli, which spattered us as they leaped out of the water in eager chase of a school of smaller fry. Pelicans in our path rose clumsily and with curious intermittent flight winged their way to the now distant shore. The long, oily swell of a coming storm shut out the line of coast as we sunk in the hollows of a yet unruffled sea, while a rising bank of clouds



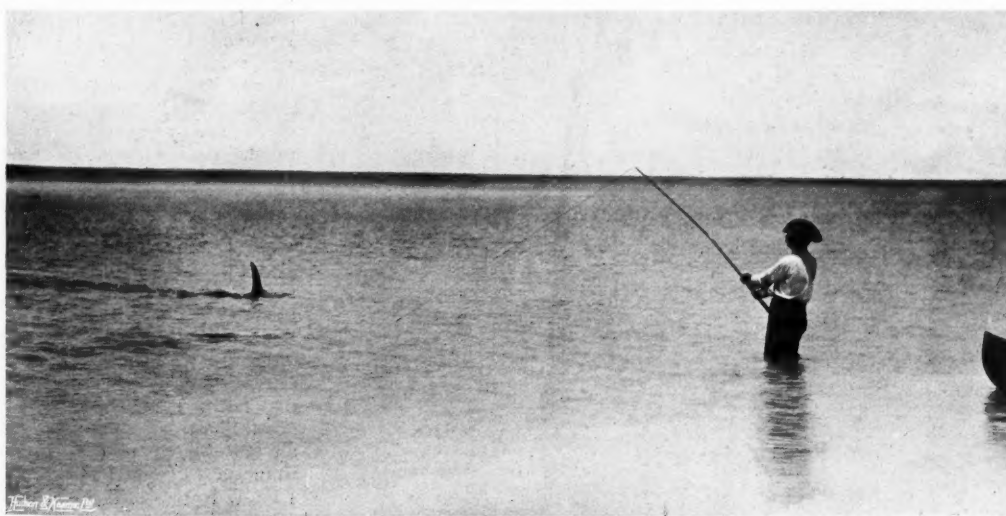
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"THE COMBAT IS IN THE AIR."

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that went out to him, and the coast began to fade. Once I pulled too near, and the frightened tarpon bumped against the canoe as he rose beside it and splashed a few more gallons of water over the low side of our craft. A family of dolphins swam lazily near us, and as one of them rose to the surface between our canoe and our quarry I felt the blow of his tail against the taut tarpon line

in the south-west threatened to make a storm-centre of our position. The breeze from the east, which had fought for the tarpon against us, became fitful and at times yielded to an opposing gust. The coast-line grew fainter, the water about us began to dance and the black cloud masses in the eastern sky took solid form as they rolled towards us, sending forth warning peals of thunder. I might have cut the line and begun the race for shore against the oncoming storm, had not the tarpon seemed to be weakening and by frequent changes in his course given hope of his surrender. As the canoe was again brought beside him he started seaward with apparently unimpaired strength, and I had to face once more my boatman's hint that Mexico was the next land on our course. I was sure that when the storm struck us we could cut loose from the tarpon and, with two paddles, could ride out anything less than a hurricane. But I was troubled about the sluggish little flat-bottomed skiff in which the camera-man followed, which was intended only for smooth water and was now rowed by a confessed land-lubber. As the camera-man



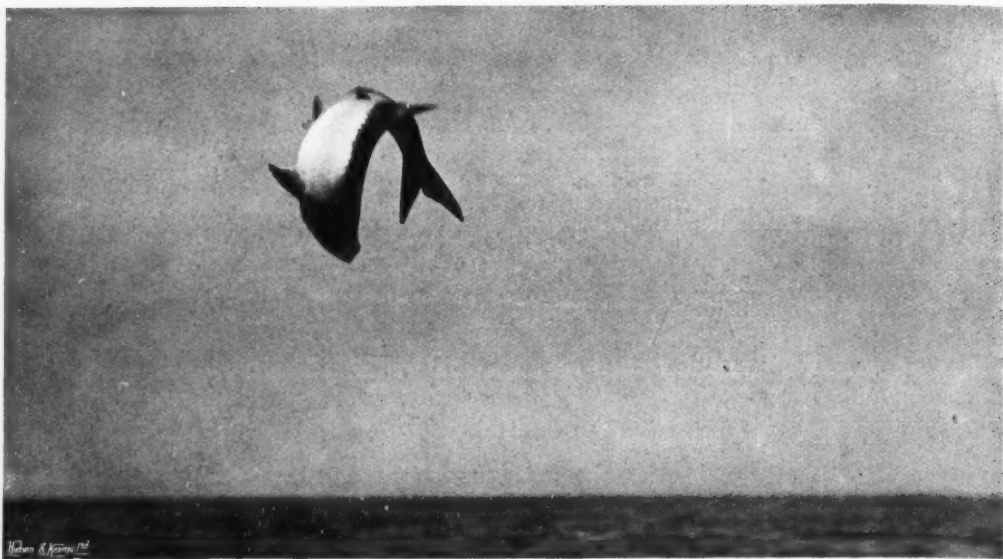
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SHARK FOLLOWS TARPON INTO THE SHALLOW WATER.

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refused to return shoreward without us, I said to my boatman, "Captain, we've got to make that shore now, tarpon or no tarpon." His somewhat eager assent was qualified by, "If we can!"

The camera-man made the painter of the canoe fast to his skiff, took my paddle and, with the two boatmen, laboured lustily with paddles and oars. My work with the rod was scarcely less strenuous. I put upon the tackle all the strain it would bear, but from time to time lost line to the harpoon until nearly 600ft. were out and not many turns left on the reel. Then came sudden relief as the fish dashed toward us, followed by the fear that he had broken loose. I reeled in many yards, feeling only the strain of the dragging line, until I had half its length to the good and was counting the game as lost, when, within 50ft. of the canoe, the tarpon rose half-a-dozen feet in the air, while a great splash in his wake told of his narrow escape from a tiger of the sea. His pursuer disappeared, and I reeled in line until I again

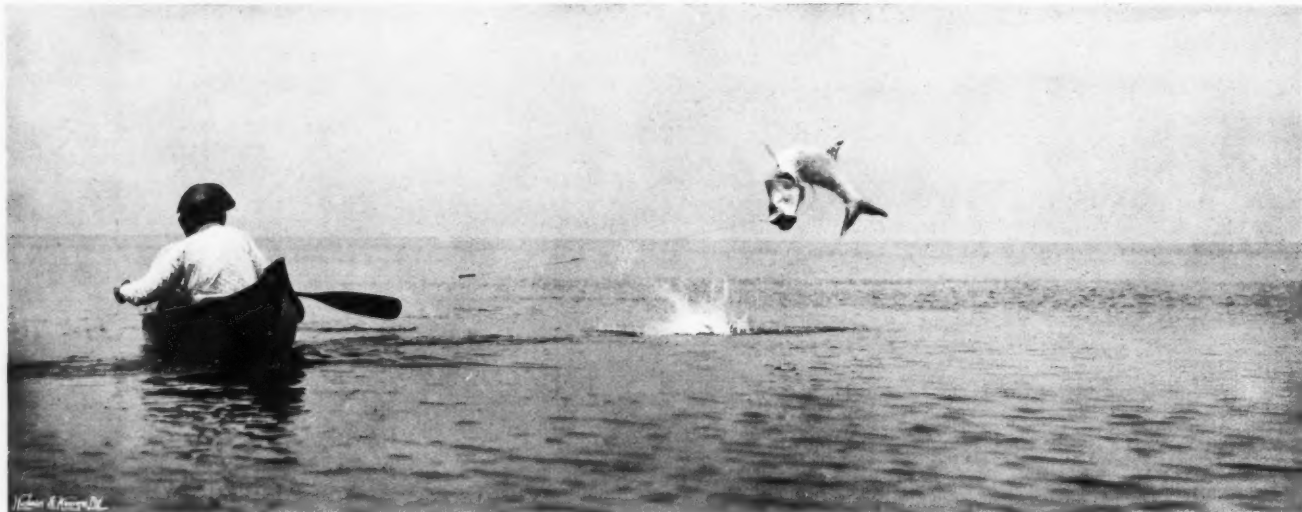


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AT THE TOP OF A JUMP.

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length of over 15ft. exceeded that of our craft, which seemed frail indeed beside the monster whose glassy eye at the end of the 3ft. bar across the brute's nose looked us coldly over. His back rose above the surface, his leg-o'-mutton dorsal fin loomed



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A LEAP FOR LIBERTY.

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felt the pull of the fish, which was now ahead of us and making for the shore, when there appeared, swimming silently beside the canoe, so near that I could have laid my hand upon him, quite the largest hammerhead shark I have ever had the fortune to meet. His

beside us; the boatman stopped paddling and I held my breath as I thought how a single stroke of that powerful tail, followed by a few judicious bites, would dispose of canoe and contents, leaving no trace of either, excepting that the weight of a wandering

tiger of the sea would have been increased by about one fifth. He swam higher than any shark I had ever seen, and I held my rod idly with loosened reel waiting for the verdict, for it was plain the brute had it in mind to attack us. I recalled with a shudder my scornful statements that sharks in these waters never attack human beings, and wondered how my boatman felt about his airy offers to run any shark in the gulf out of the country with a stick. Long afterwards the memory of the cruel eye of that tarpon-devouring monster induced mutual admissions, and, without wholly renouncing my faith, I conceded that it should be treated practically as an academic theory rather than a demonstrated fact. I know I gave a deep sigh of relief when a sweep of the hammerhead's tail sent him far in advance of us and we renewed



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TARPON-FISHERS MUST BE ABLE TO SWIM.

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our struggle for the shore. But my heart was in my mouth a few minutes later when the water beside us opened and a whip ray, 7ft. across his beautiful spotted back and wings, shot into the air above our heads, and fell back into his element with a crash that could have been heard a mile off, followed by the lament of the camera-man, "Been waiting for that to happen for three years, and now, instead of a camera, I've got this blamed paddle in my hand!" The tarpon gave no more trouble. He swam steadily, rolling above the surface at times, but holding his general course towards Gasparilla Pass and the beach. He was tractable, too, and followed the lead of the line with little resistance until we reached the shallowing water north of the pass. He then awakened to new life, and had made a number of quick dashes, followed by wild leaps in the air, before a big fin cutting the water in his wake told that his ancient enemy was again on his trail. As the water was now less than waist deep, I got out of the canoe and played my part in the game from a firm foothold as I slowly worked the fish shoreward. As the water shoaled the pursuit of the hammerhead became fiercer, and at his every dash for his victim I had to give out line, until more than 100yds. of it was stretched between us. Again the shark disappeared, until I had brought the tarpon within 15ft. of me, when he reappeared, his great bulk gliding easily beside the tarpon, whose every motion he followed like a shadow. As the weakening and distressed tarpon swam quietly his enemy, almost imperceptibly, drew nearer. In sudden panic the pursued fish jumped clear of the water several times and, swimming for the shore, was within 15ft. of me when the pursuing shark, frightened by the shoal water, dashed away, but returning in a wide curve, swept resistlessly with wide open mouth upon his victim. The leap of the doomed fish was feeble and late, the cruel jaws closed over him, for yards around the water was crimson—the tarpon was dead. As the great fin of the sea-tiger swept past, less than his length from me, the voice of the camera-man, safe on the beach, came from behind me:

"Couldn't you have stood a bit nearer? A little more human interest would have made that a bully picture."

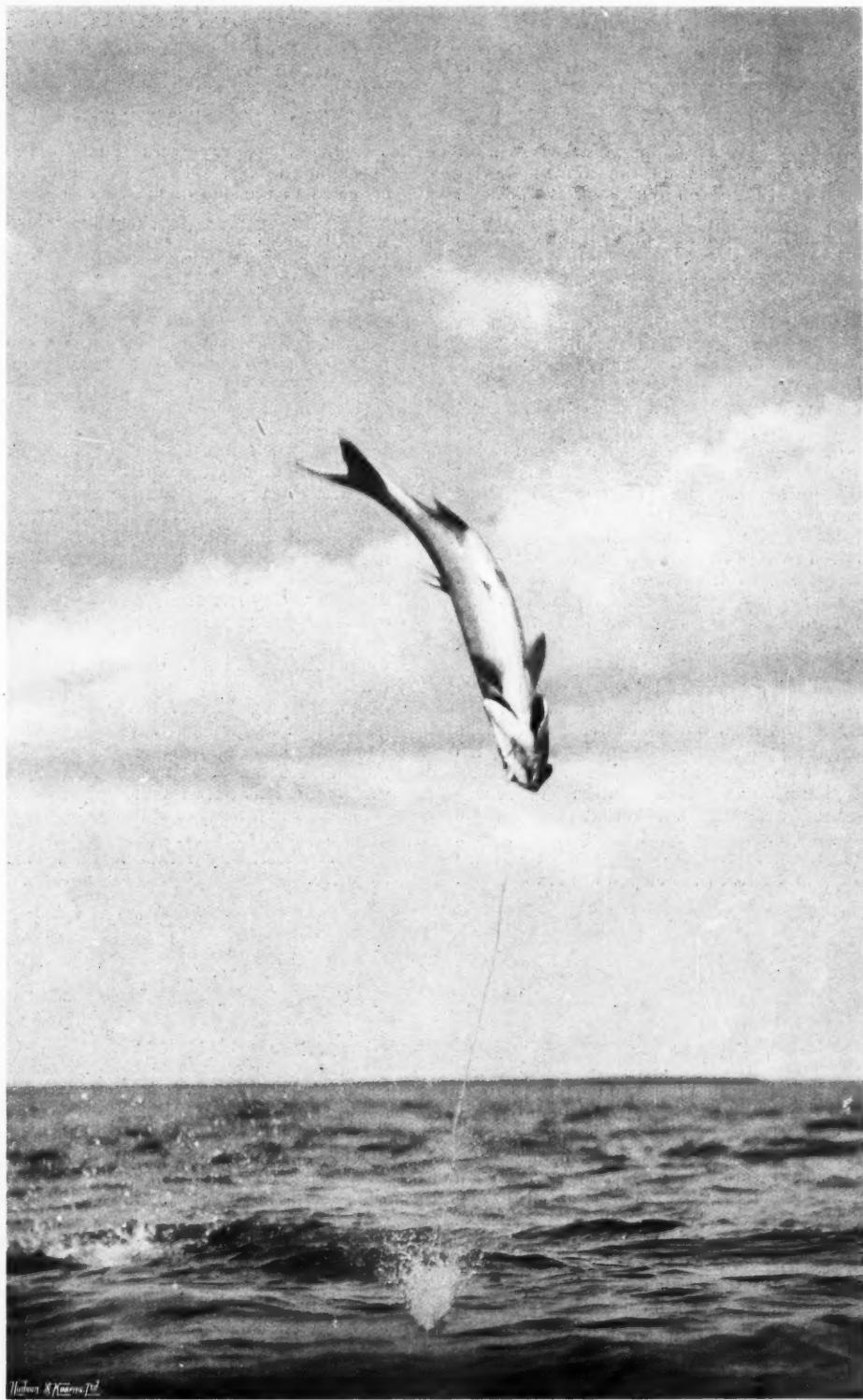
A few minutes after he had photographed the tarpon tragedy the camera-man tied a rubber sheet over the tools of his trade,

and we dragged the canoe and skiff up on the beach. A solid wall of rain was rushing from the east, and soon the darkness of the storm swallowed us up. Big drops beat like hailstones upon us, and from the driven deluge that followed we turned away our faces and gasped for breath. In half-an-hour the sky cleared as the storm was beaten back by a wind from the south-west. For a time the opposing currents seemed to neutralise each other, and the water became unruffled, excepting as it was disturbed by a school of small fish that were playing near the shore. Then the wind from the south-west prevailed, bringing with it masses of

rolling clouds, forerun by hundreds of pelicans and gulls seeking food from the water and rest on the beach. The wind increased, became violent and grew into a gale, covering the gulf with white caps, and sending big waves rolling and breaking over the beach. As fishing was impossible while the storm lasted, we amused ourselves by launching the little canoe in the surf and paddling it out over the rollers. Getting into the canoe among the breakers was like mounting a bucking bronco; but after that, as a bronco-buster in New Mexico once said to me, "Anybody can ride, trouble is to get aboard."

It was sport royal, and without misadventure until, having paddled safely through the breakers, I was caught in the trough of the sea while trying to turn the canoe, rolled over, smothered in foam and, after an exciting swim for the shore through turbulent water towing a wave-tossed canoe, sent sprawling up on the beach with canoe and paddle tumbling about my ears. The plate-holder of the camera-man chanced to be empty at the instant of the incident, and he lamented his misfortune loudly in ill-concealed hope that I would try it again.

When the gale abated we sailed south to Boca Grande, the big pass, headquarters of the marine monsters of the coast. The channel here is ten fathoms deep, the pass a mile wide, the tide swift and the rough water abounds in possibilities of big fish. There were sharks that chased and killed our tarpon as I played them. When the sea was so rough that the crests of the waves spilled water over the low sides of the canoe, these brutes became most active, and followed their prey and mine so fiercely as to threaten the destruction of our craft by collisions, often narrowly averted. Sometimes we saw beside our canoe the big, open,



J. A. Dimock. THE LINE HISSING THROUGH THE WATER.

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3ft. month of a devil-fish, 16ft. across the back, with horn-like flippers on each side of his head—as harmless in his nature as he is devilish in appearance. Yet a playful touch of his great wings lifted half out of water and nearly capsized the skiff of the camera-man, who was following him too closely.

"What's that?" exclaimed the boy who was rowing the skiff.

"Devil-fish!" replied the camera-man.

"Hell!!!" said the boy.

One morning a 1,000lb. manatee rose beside the canoe, looked in my face, and, failing to recognise an old friend, dived hastily, sending, with a stroke of his thick tail, as is the custom of the creature when frightened, a column of water high into the air. Dolphins rolled their backs above water where fish abounded, heads of great turtles, uplifted for air, dotted the surface and, often rising beside the canoe, disappeared suddenly with a gasp of surprise. Sluggish jewfish, the black bass of the Californian coast, sometimes took our bait. If they chanced to be very small we had jewfish chowder for supper, otherwise we let the big, ugly things go. We wasted no time on the horse-mackerel. Whenever a shark got on our hook we devoted hours, if necessary, to his extinction, although this compelled us to land on the beach to finish the brute. A prudent man does not pull a frail canoe beside a fighting-mad tiger of the sea. We slaughtered sharks because they killed other fish and spared tarpon. In the big pass tarpon can best be caught from near the bottom of the channel, and should be fished for with 50ft. of line and a heavy sinker. In shallow water the tarpon leaps high in air the instant he feels the hook, but in the pass he often fights for a minute or two before coming to the surface. More than once when I had begun to fear that my tarpon was a shark, he has suddenly shot above the surface, like a bullet from a gun, and in the first wild shake of his head thrown hook and bait 50ft. in the air, and one even sent a 4oz. leaden sinker flying over my head from nearly twice that distance. Other tarpon when struck came straight up from the bottom, one grazing our gunwale as he rose and another leaping over the stern of the canoe. As soon as a tarpon was tired enough to let us pull the canoe beside him, we removed the hook from his mouth and let him swim home to his family. It happened once that a tarpon was less tired than we had assumed. On that occasion we swam home, and he had a good man-story to tell his friends that evening.

It had been counted a poor year for tarpon, yet in fifteen consecutive days of fishing we were fast to forty-four tarpon, each of which had jumped for us from one to twelve times. This high-water mark of twelve jumps was made by a tarpon which was stimulated to his later efforts by the presence of a pursuing shark, and the twelfth jump was a double number. There was commotion in the crimsoned water, new vigour at the other end of my line, and it was an hour later when I finally landed on a sand-bar a shark with an aldermanic stomach. A knife drawn across this distended organ disclosed the tarpon in sections, with

the hook still fast in his jaw, and enabled the camera-man to photograph together the subjects he had recently photographed separately. Although this shark was only one-fifth the size of our big hammerhead, yet he made but two bites of his victim. Our work at Boca Grande ended with the red-letter day of the season—of all seasons. I was fishing in the pass with 50ft. of line, and the bait was directly under the canoe, when a tarpon struck fiercely, quickly carried away a hundred more feet of line, and then swam so quickly towards us that I feared, from the loosened line, that he had escaped, when, 50ft. from the canoe, there shot into the air a giant tarpon, measuring, as we learned afterwards, an even 7ft. Up, up, up he rose, until the camera seemed to be pointed at the zenith, and before the camera-man could get his aim the silver king had turned gracefully in the air and was plunging downward. The captain swears that he saw, swinging clear of the water, the ribbon which marked 25ft. on the line as it hung plumb down from the tarpon in the air.

Once I gave my own estimate of the height of the jump to a group of friends, and after a glance at their grieved expressions, appealed to the one of most experience on the coast and with the tarpon. After a single moment of hesitation, he remarked with firmness:

"We fishermen must stand together. I believe the story."

Photographing leaping tarpon is like shooting birds on the wing. With a lens big enough to give proper perspective one may miss the target altogether, while the shot must be taken at the psychological instant, the shutter released at the picturesque point of the tarpon's flight. A wide open lens, which gives the best effect, demands accurate focussing and requires the camera-sportsman to know, at least approximately, the distance between the fish and the camera. My own method is to have the distances from the hook marked on the line with ribbons of different colours: red for 25ft., white for 50ft. and blue for 100ft.

Usually I occupy the stern of the skiff facing the trolling bait, while the fisherman sits directly behind me, with the oarsman in the bow. Knowing the length of line that is out, I am ready for the first leap of the fish. Thereafter as the tarpon is played the fisherman constantly calls out to me the changing distances. My left hand, resting on a focussing index of my own device, corrects the focus through sense of touch, leaving my own eyes free to watch the trend of the line and catch the instant of the fish's appearance. Focussing by the ground glass of the reflecting camera is impracticable for action as rapid as that of the leaping tarpon. When attempting to include in the photograph both fish and fisherman, I follow his craft in another, focussing becomes uncertain and exciting. If the tarpon rises nearer than I had anticipated, a turn of the wrist throws the lens outward the quickly estimated distance; if the jump is farther away than I expected, the turn must be backward. Sometimes I turn the wrong way, often my estimate is bad, always uncertainty remains until the development of the negative.

A. W. DIMOCK.

A SAVIOUR.

I DO not know if you remember the summer of 189—. I had been ill and was still weak: it was terribly hot, and I had cycled as far as the little town of W—, intending to go on three miles more to S—, the county town. I had in my pocket the photograph of a friend for which I intended to purchase a frame—or to have one made—a frame with a cover to it. For the likeness, by an amateur, had caught a certain tender and touching expression, and yet the photograph itself had been so unskilfully printed that already it was beginning to fade after having stood on my mantel-piece for no more than a month. So I was determined to see some frame-maker myself, in order to give direct instructions that could not be mistaken. The county road to S—, a broad, dusty and shadeless highway, passes through just the top of W—, the little town hanging down from it to the southwards. But a spacious public avenue of immense elms runs like a cave of shade, from the Earl of W—'s crested gates up to the main road, and the air itself there is baronial and soothing in a way that one has forgotten to expect nowadays near the great roads.

I got down and sat astride one of the seats where the shade from a great depending elm bough fell upon my back. It was nearly seven, but the sun was still high, golden and metallic with none of the red tinge of decline. Behind the seat a large paddock had been lately thrown open to the public. The grass grew very high and tressed near me; further away some tall trees made a bank of black shade that was refreshing to the eye. I sat watching in the distance some tiny figures of boys without coats playing cricket on a bare patch of ground. Their voices came to me softly and yet disputatively, so that they had spirit; they had wickets and real bats, and that, too, was soothing. For it is a sign

of prosperity in a little town when the poorest children have real playthings and look after them. Some little girls were playing a singing game near me. One of them went to hide her eyes in the tall hollow stump of a tree that had lately been cut down near the high road. It must have been very decayed and have overhung the whole roadway, for what remained of the trunk stood up, with one side right open to the field, as if it were a pulpit from which to preach regret for the old feudal ideal that it represented so well, and that was passing away. Indeed, the Earl of W— himself had lately married an American lady. I wondered, vaguely, what difference she was making to W—.

My eyes fell upon the gardens of the almshouses across the road. The houses were the usual chalets of grey stone; but they stood as if knee-deep in a rejoicing blaze of white, of blue, of pink that rioted above a strip of turf more wonderfully green than any, I think, I had ever seen. There was no paling round this grass, but it was on top of a low stone terrace about waist-high. Thus the gardens had, as it were, the desire to be seen of a stagepiece along with a something indefinable of simplicity and naturalness. They seemed like a beautiful, nude child, at once undraped and innocent. A belt of shadow had fallen from the distant elms right across them, and, as if at a signal, they had become filled with aged figures, holding up each one a watering-pot, from the spouts of which fine sprays were falling over the tall spikes and columns of blue and white flowers. Nearest me, and where the gardens were most astonishingly gay, a tiny old man, with a brown, obdurate and shaven face, a cloth cap and a limp that gave to his movements the cheerful hop of a sparrow, appeared and disappeared constantly behind the ranks of his flowers. An old woman, rather large, with her arms always folded

as if she were hugging to her some precious secret, paced up and down on the lawn like an actress alone upon a green stage. Men passed with pitchforks going, late as it was, to give the hay one last turn. Yet, in spite of the breathless haste of the grass harvest that in those parts seems to set the whole broad landscape in a tremor, they each stayed to chat with the pacing old woman. She harangued them with astonishing motions of the face, glitterings of the eye, raising her brows and occasionally lifting a long finger to point at the stump of the fallen tree. Then they too would turn slowly round to gaze at it. And as each man passed away he appeared to say something—something stereotyped—that I could not catch. And each time the old woman cried: "Yes, but it's drying up shocking!"

The whole place was bathed in shadow now. The vivid, true emerald of the grass, the innumerable points of colour in the flowers grew more luminous and as if moistened. It became like gazing into a translucent enamel; the eye sank deeper and deeper, discovering always new gleams and shadows, below and beyond each other. A bell sounded from the town and the swifts wheeled down, screaming. And surely, I thought, of all the shifts and devices of poor humanity to attain to peace and tranquillity while this always questionable gift of life endures, this of almshouses is the most near to attainment. It is a beneficent preparation for the grave. Here, at least, are the Fortunate Islands, the region where, hopes being at an end, fears can no more enter. Responsibilities are over and done with, and here alone poverty is an honoured estate, since to be set in this place is a mark that you have done better work than that for which your fate has paid you. If your limbs fail you, you have no errands to go upon; if you grow deaf, the sounds and the stories of the outer world need trouble you no more; if blind, you have no need to write nor have your eyes need any more to shed tears. And while I was crossing the road to ask the old woman if by chance there was a frame-maker in W—, I was wondering whether the Charterhouse still existed: whether it was open to such as I—and I had a daydream of myself, sitting in a tiny room with a sham lattice window, a bright copper kettle steaming on the hob, and a stuffed armchair in which to rest for ever.

I asked her twice, raising my voice the second time. But it was the old man who answered me over the hedge: "Lord, how lucky you asked us. My son has just set up as a frame-maker. Her ladyship has promised to patronise him."

He appeared inclined to speak about something, but, as if he once more remembered his work, he hobbled along, his head jerking up and down above the hedge like the piston-rod of a pump. But his wife's ears seemed to have attuned themselves to my London intonation. She answered my compliments on her garden with: "Yes, but it dries up shocking."

I said I had never seen finer Canterbury bells, and, with her arms still folded, she pointed one finger at the stump of the tree: "You should have seen it before they cut that down!" She raised her eyebrows sardonically and held them high, as if with some tremendous hidden meaning. "Now it means watering so late until the shade comes from they trees that we're thinking of giving it up."

I understood that watering with the sun on ruined flowers, while watering too late chilled their roots. Therefore, this tree, with its great shadow, must have been a boon to the old couple. But—she said—the countess, who had taken under her especial protection the children and their playing-ground, had had it cut down because it might be dangerous.

"Oh! don't give up," I said, preparing to mount. "Your garden is a blessing to travellers."

Her answer kept my foot on the pedal. She declared that they felt just that responsibility. Her husband said they had a duty to the town. When the late earl had put them there after the accident that had made the old man hobble ever since, the earl had said: "Coles, my friend, we are not pauperising you." The garden had always been one of the chief ornaments of the town, and Coles, as its custodian, she explained with a sardonic pride, had all along felt that he was not like the other inmates, but a public character. He had been respected for it. "But now that the tree is gone he feels that he is not equal to his duty."

So there it was, my Fortunate Island, my haven. The pride of the world, responsibility and the progress of events had penetrated even those boundaries.

"Oh! don't let him give up," I said again. "It would be better to water late."

Her eyes glittered, her brows lifted once more and she laughed mirthlessly. "For forty years," she said, "I've given him his tea every evening at seven, and I'm not going to change now for want of a tree. I'd sooner leave the place." Her character seemed to come out in her obdurate tone—the inner meaning of her ferocious facial contortions.

"For forty years," her husband's voice echoed from over the hedge.

"Oh, well, don't give up," I said a third time, as I rode to find their son. I wanted them to go on tending that flourishing

nook. Nevertheless, I understood from her voice that such a proud, such a unique, record—forty years of tea at seven o'clock—was a thing for great and stubborn contest. It was a tradition—a continuity that was only achievable by a lifetime of jealous care. Each day's punctual tea was one more addition to her triumphs; a small masterpiece added to her gallery. It set her above all the housekeepers in the town; it gave her her right to scowl ferociously and with hidden meaning. "Giving up" I discovered to mean their leaving the almshouses altogether. The contest was not between themselves; they were both agreed that their troubles were unbearable. But they had to face, as it were, the whole little town.

I found their son, the frame-maker, a tiny man like his father. He had the tiniest slice of a shop in a miniature High Street, where all the houses were as diminutive as if they had been built for a lower class who were never allowed quite to grow up. The whole little town appeared to breathe quite happily, but awed by the shadow of the two great houses—those of the Earl of W— and of a family as ancient—the Atkinsons of Hiham Place. It was late. The frame-maker was still working; but his young lady was with him, and, tiny as the house was, there was a great trouble in it. There was also, for the moment, another lady in it. She was young, slender, fair and dressed in a sort of blue print that, if I had not been morally convinced to the contrary by her upright and independent carriage, I should have thought was extremely cheap. She had a quite tender and charming expression; but she was a little flushed as if with anger, and she looked at me as if I did not exist—the sort of look that is given to visitors in a little town. She said quietly to the frame-maker and his young lady: "It is a shameful example of ingratitude that they are setting. They could not have had things made more pleasant for them."

The frame-maker stood with his hands hanging down desolately.

She added: "I'm astonished that you countenance it." Then she was gone from the shop with a rustle such as is made by the sails of a very fine yacht.

The young lady, a large, dark and soft girl, with a way of laying her cheek caressingly on her shoulder and looking at you innocently out of the corners of immense eyes, twisted her fingers together and said, helplessly: "That was Mrs. Atkinson of Hiham."

The frame-maker added desolately: "Everyone is angry that my parents are going to leave the almshouses." In his green apron, with his mild and troubled blue eyes, and his ineffectual tuft of reddish hair over a pale forehead, the little frame-maker was one of those spaniel-like gentle souls who go through the world longing for approbation and rendering obedience.

"We shall have to wait years to get married," his young lady said, hopelessly.

The old people had simply sent in their resignations and had announced that they were going to live with their son. They had not asked him: they were going to do it. And he, for his part, did not seem to have said a word more than, "It do seem a pity." No doubt he had uttered other timid speeches, but they had been entirely ineffectual before the deaf obstinacy of those two old creatures, faced by their drying-up garden.

"We were to have been married this very week," the girl almost moaned.

"But," the frame-maker ruffled his small blond crest with his T-square, and pointed my photograph, which he had been measuring, at his tiny back room, "there would not, physically, be room for four of us in there, and I've only one double bedroom."

He used the word physically as if it gave him some comfort and sense of dignity to be able to command at least a word. The girl, with her mind fixed solely upon their broken marriage, said, "They're coming here in three weeks' time," and he added, "It's like an avalanche."

They took me into their confidence with a sort of hopeless appeal. Grief opened their lips to me, a stranger, as if in the greatness of their desolation they were assured of the sympathy of the whole world.

"Oh! sir," the girl said, "couldn't you speak to the countess? We had got everything so nice."

I said that I did not know the countess.

"She's an American," she added, aimlessly.

But not even an American, I reminded her gently, could restore to its place a fallen tree.

"No," she said, sobbing suddenly; "but she doesn't understand us folk. She says it's sinful. And Mrs. Atkinson says that Harry will have to leave the town. He's invested all his savings here . . . And oh! we shall never be married." She sat down suddenly on the bed and covered her face with her apron.

It appeared that the countess had withdrawn all her patronage from the little man. She had been doing tremendous things at the House, and it had been only because she had promised to employ him that he had thought it safe to open

his shop at all. She promised to re-employ him if he could persuade his parents to stay where they were. Mrs. Atkinson, on the other hand, had gone round to all her dependents and had established a boycott against him. She was ready to pardon him if he would refuse to take his parents into his house.

"She takes it very seriously," he explained, twisting his fingers in his green apron. "She says that my parents are throwing their bread back in the quality's faces, and that there's no knowing what the poor will come to next."

These old people had been luxuriously provided for—Mrs. Atkinson's own family had erected the houses. She had nothing left but to call it shameful ingratitude and to visit the sins on the children, since by their example they might corrupt all the poor of the place.

"So that I might much better have remained in the metropolis," the frame-maker said, with a woebegone intonation. "I was making good money as a journeyman." The earl himself, a good-natured gentleman, had argued with his parents, and had flatly refused to accept their resignation. He said it was all nonsense. "The month's warning need not stand. But there—"

He waved one hand as if he were utterly incapable of further thought or speech. He added, after a pause: "It do seem a pity." And then he promised to pay particular attention to my photograph.

During the next week the sun was merciless, and when I looked at the dusty strip of my landlady's front garden, which contained nothing but marigolds with an acrid perfume, I thought rather frequently of the other garden that must be "drying up shockingly" more than ever. I was solitary and unoccupied, and the fate of the poor young couple haunted me. I prayed that something might turn the hearts of that old pair. But I had a sneaking fear that really their motive was that they desired a change. I felt, indeed, fairly certain of the old man; he gave the impression of having at least one foot in the garden, if not the grave. But his wife had a suspicious vitality: perhaps she had inoculated him once more with the tremulous fever that is life, the desire to taste once more the meats of the upper air. The inhabitants of the Hyperborean Islands could end their tranquil days only by springing from a rock into the calm sea—she had merely to cross a road. But I put the idea from me: there would have been no hope then.

I found the little shop locked when I went five days later to reclaim my photograph. I tapped on the glazed door with a spanner, and at last a lugubrious man put his head round the next door and muttered that "He wer' gawn to th' almshouse." It was once more seven and the sun beat down into the High Street. It beat down still more into the county road. There could be no doubt now that the garden was drying up shockingly. The stocks had gone to seed in long sage green bunches, the Canterbury bells drooped, the lawn was powdered with fine dust thrown up by automobiles. Round the corner, however, there was a small crowd. A little nervously-compact lady in a brown canvas dress was just turning from the gate and exclaiming in a high, irritated, good-humoured voice, "Run away, little boys," as if she were irritated by her own predicament, but sympathised with the boys' desire to see some fun. She had little dark eyes, a brownish complexion, and gestures that somehow made you think of the word "business-like." Another tall, graceful, fair-haired figure held a sunshade carefully poised above her hat. She was Mrs. Atkinson.

The "Run away, little boys," appeared to include myself; but I made out the little old man, with a chair on his head, standing just inside the gate. The cricketer boys scattered as far as the other side of the road. There, too, was the large, soft form of the young lady, whose light print dress gave her the air of being pale with agitation. The frame-maker was close beside me, his green apron writhing in his nervous fingers, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his little blond crest erected as if he had just been pulling at it. He said quickly: "That's her ladyship, holding the gate. My parents were just moving their things when she heard of it."

Her ladyship apparently was blocking the way by main force. I made out, behind the old man, the old woman with a china dog under each arm, so that she appeared like a figure of Punch with two truncheons. Her eyes blinked sardonically, but, actually, both she and her husband were a little frightened. The garden had dried up so shockingly under that day's sun that they were simply flying from the sight of it; they had been removing their furniture piecemeal all the afternoon. Thus both ladies had seen them carrying odds and ends along the High Street. Mrs. Atkinson would have left the matter alone; but the American countess was not made like that. She was not in the least afraid of publicity, and, however much Mrs. Atkinson might shrink, she was not one to abandon her ally.

So they stood together before the little red gate. They had all exhausted their words. Only the frame-maker muttered to himself, "It do seem a pity," and the young lady was advancing slowly from across the road as if she were fascinated.

That was the only movement; the rest stood absolutely still. It seemed as if, supposing that the countess would stay

there all night, they would all be there till dawn. And there was something energetic and pertinacious about her direct and lively glance and her small, russet figure that made me imagine she was not going to give way. On the other hand, it was impossible to imagine the old people doing so.

Suddenly Mrs. Atkinson lifted the edge of her parasol in the very least; she caught sight of me. "My dear Laura," she said, quickly, "there's a crowd collecting."

It gave the measure of her delightful Englishness. She was ready, high-handedly, to break the law by imprisoning these old paupers. But her sense of privacy was too developed to let her do it before a public of one person who was not her dependent. The countess, however, was perfectly ready to enlist the services of a perfect stranger. She turned upon me sharply and said: "Don't you think this is perfectly sinful?"

I was almost overcome by the vigour of her glance, but I managed to get out: "Don't you think it shows a proper spirit?"

She appeared appalled. Mrs. Atkinson turned disgustedly to walk away. But the countess stretched out a hand: "My dear man," she said, "you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick."

The frame-maker beside me gave a gasp of awe and terror. I believe he thought that I should get them all imprisoned, but I pointed out to her: "These people are not paupers." She had not the right to make them so. They had a duty: to keep the garden. They were grasping after their self-respect. She could not call that sinful.

She looked me over swiftly from cap to toe in sheer curiosity.

"Heavens!" she gasped. "I don't want to pauperise them. They're doing it themselves by wanting to batten on their wretched little son when they've a home of their own. What is sinful is to throw away a chance. It's when you waste hard cash on a bugbear that you lose your self-respect."

"I would send down my own gardeners to do the work for them," Mrs. Atkinson returned to say. She addressed the ground in order to avoid speaking to me, and yet to justify herself to the public opinion that I stood for because I was a visitor.

The old man took the chair from his head in order to speak. He smiled vaguely, trembled, coughed, and could utter nothing. His desperate courage could not nerve him to words, though his actions, considering that they were directed against the quality, had been really epic.

"He wants to say," said the old woman, with a nervous laugh that had all the sardonicism of Iago's, "that that would not be his doing it. If he can't do the work he goes."

The countess dropped both her hands as if she gave up. Mrs. Atkinson almost shrugged her fine shoulders. The frame-maker sighed aloud. It was surrender and, in my mind, I too surrendered. The old people had conquered.

But the voice of the young lady, full of anguish like a tragic wail, came suddenly from the road: "Oh! father. Why can't you let them? Why can't you? We want to be married. Oh! we want to be married."

Mrs. Atkinson positively raised her gloved fingers as if to put them in her ears. For the speech was a bursting forth of passion. It was a torrent of longing, it swept away every barrier. It made me have a perspicuous idea.

"In the name of heaven," I cried to the old man, "pay some boy threepence a week to help you. You'll save your self-respect that way."

He was still shaking his head at the girl. For an awful moment I thought: "Supposing that, really, what they want is a change!"

It is a positive fact that such a solution had not occurred to any one of them. I have asked myself since: Was it because they were all so strenuously determined upon their own expedients, each one, that not one could think of an alternative? Or was it because, in their drawing together for struggle, they became a sort of public body which inevitably stultifies its debates and its actions? Or was it because they were all so intensely practical that not one of them had ever taken time to think at all? Or had they exhausted all their powers of thinking over the moral aspects of the case? Or perhaps it was only because they had all taken sides so vigorously that not one of them had ever thought of a way out. If I had taken sides I too might have been blinded to that luminous idea. But I had felt intensely for all of them, and I had hit upon a way out that was a triumph for everybody. It took, of course, an hour for the idea to penetrate really into the old people's heads. But it gained attractiveness minute by minute. You see it ended by their seeing themselves employers of labour. The boy—they would be able to hire him from the Orphanage—would carry the water for the old man, leaving to him the scientific showering. And, what was singularly attractive, if the watering of the grass were not finished by seven, they would be able to sit at their tea and watch the boy finish up.

It was that image, that idea of tranquilly taking their ease and looking upon their own hireling at work: it was that rise in

the social scale that really decided them. For, dreadful as it is to relate, the last thing I heard the old woman say was: "Well, I did think we were going to see a bit of life again." So that the desire for a change had lurked somewhere deep down, in her at least, though, nursing the china dogs still, she said the words with a sardonic smile that might have meant anything. But the little old man really brightened at the thought of staying on his lawn. He pushed his cloth cap back and tried to speak, but, failing, hobbled to pick an immense pink rose that he presented to me as if it were a baby. The Young People did not, of course, thank me, they were too overwhelmed; but each year since then I have received from them a distressing but bright-coloured framed oleograph at Christmas. I was, you see, their saviour.

If the countess did not thank me or ever send me game, it was not because she was not thankful to the powers that make Transatlanticism-right-or-wrong somehow irresistible all the world over. Mrs. Atkinson, of course, thanked neither me nor the powers. It is the duty of Providence in the small towns to keep the lower classes in their right places. It is not a thing to be thankful for even when a visitor on a bicycle turns into a god from a machine. After all, wasn't she on the side of Providence? Indeed, rustling, tender, charming and contemptuous, she had already folded her parasol, shaken her long skirts, and walked away, long before the countess, who liked to make a good job of things, had made the little old man take his chair back into the house.

FORD M. HUEFFER.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE WAY TO PLANT FRUIT TREES.

WE have just received an admirable little work on the culture and management of fruit trees and Strawberries, published by Messrs. Bunyard and Co. of Maidstone, price 1s. Mr. Bunyard's experience of fruit-growing extends over many years, and his advice may always be relied upon. The notes on planting fruit may well be reproduced, as the subject is opportune. It is mentioned that trees received during frost should (without unpacking) be placed in a warm cellar or frost-proof house till the return of suitable weather for planting, and thus treated they will take no harm; the roots should not be allowed to become dry through the wind or sun. If trees appear dry or shrivelled on their arrival from the nursery, place them in water for twelve hours to plump them up before planting. All main coarse roots should be shortened with a sharp knife and injured roots cut clean away. Prune back the roots that go right down and remove the bruised portions—cutting from the underside. The best months for planting bushes and trees are the end of October, November, February and the first half of March, or in open weather before Christmas. Merely digging a hole, cramming the roots in, shovelling the soil over, stamping it down and burying it, is the wrong way to plant and can only result in failure. The right way is:

(1) Never to let trees lie about with their roots exposed to the air. If several have to be planted lay the roots in the ground first and then plant at your leisure, or lay a mat over those to be planted within an hour. (2) Open a hole at least 1ft. broader than the roots spread. Throw out the top spit, then well break up the bottom to the full depth of a fork or spade, replace some of the finer soil in a mound in the centre of the hole, and set the tree upon it. (3) If the roots are in any way jagged or torn, cut the ends cleanly off with a sharp knife from the underside, and shorten back all roots pointing downwards. (4) Place the tree in position at such a depth that when the planting is finished it will be at the same depth as it was in the nursery, which will be seen by the soil mark on the stem. The depth should be such that the upper roots will be about 3in. or 4in. below the surface when finished. (5) The roots will generally be found to be growing from several parts of the stem. Spread the lowest roots out carefully on the mound, and scatter a little fine earth over them; then spread out the roots next above these, adding more soil; also those higher up, and so on, giving a slight shake now and then to let the fine soil run in between the roots. (6) When all the roots are spread out and covered, add a little more soil and tread it firmly (not hard), and fill up the hole slightly above the surrounding soil, as it will sink 1in. or 2in. (7) Give one good watering, unless the soil is very damp. (8) Put a strong stake to the tree, and be sure the two are fastened together in such a way as to make it impossible for the bark of the tree to chafe itself against the stake when the winds blow. If two stakes can be used so much the better. (9) Protect the trees from rabbits, cattle and sheep. (10) As soon as the land is dry enough in spring, hoe the surface round the tree to prevent evaporation. Constant hoeing is one great secret of success in fruit-growing. No drought will hurt trees round which the soil is hoed every ten days. In America fruit-growers hoe once a week.

FURTHER DETAILS.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of all the above details of planting. If the natural soil is very poor, a little better garden soil may be brought for (5) spreading it among the roots, just to give the tree a good start. No manure whatever should be placed in contact with the roots; but a thin layer over the surface when the planting is done will be helpful. It is very important not to plant too deeply (3), especially in wet or heavy land; but in very wet land plant the trees almost on the surface, and mound the earth up over the roots. It is very important to spread out all the roots down to the smallest fibres (5), and none should be allowed to take a directly downward direction, but each one ought to be duly spread out, slanting very slightly downwards from the point at which they grow out of the stem. It

is very important that the soil should not be left loose about the stem and roots (6), but firm treading does not mean hard ramming; also always fill up the hole 2in. or 3in. above the general ground level, and not leave a hollow for water to collect in and become stagnant round the stem. Stake the trees (8) firmly, so that the roots are not strained by the wind; but better not stake at all than to let the stake chafe through the bark. It is better to lay the trees in when received, covering the roots well up with soil for a time than to plant when the



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A CORNER IN THE GARDEN AT HATFIELD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

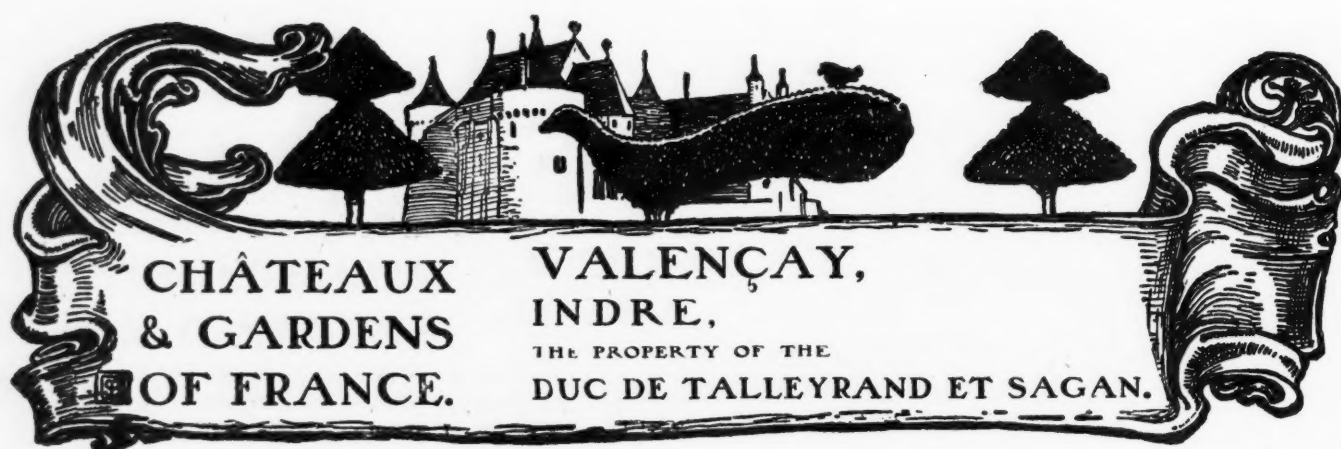
ground is wet and sticky or during frosty weather. No grass turf should be laid over the roots of newly-planted trees; always keep the ground free from weeds, and lightly stir it in at intervals of 2yds. all over the surface, 1in. or 2in. deep, to admit sun and air. The purchase of trees at markets and auctions cannot be recommended; they are generally rubbish from old quarters. They may or may not be true to name, but their roots are almost invariably considerably dried.

CHRYSANthemum FRANK PAYNE.

Chrysanthemums are with us at the present moment, and novelties rain down during November and early December. Some we delight in, but not one of recent years has gained more admirers than the variety Frank Payne, shown by Messrs. W. Wells and Co., Limited, of Merstham, at a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society. It is what is known as "an exhibition variety," that is, will help the exhibitor to win prizes, but it is something more than this; the colour is exquisite, a soft, clear pink, the florets falling over in a way to make a neat, smooth, but not too prone a flower. But the colour is its great charm, and more varieties of a similar shade will be welcome.

FRUITING OF THE ALMOND.

We have received from correspondents in various parts of the country excellent fruits of the Almond, a tree which is usually supposed not to bring its fruits to perfection in this country. Those, however, that have come to hand are quite equal to any that could be purchased, and, of course, far better from having been recently gathered. No tree is prettier when in flower than the Almond, and a group is a sea of bright pink early in spring, too early, unfortunately, as late frosts and cold rains frequently destroy their fine colouring.



"OLD Talleyrand at last is dead," wrote Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians in May, 1838. "I hear he showed wonderful composure and firmness to the last. He was one of those people who I thought never would die." As long as Valençay stands, the memory of its most famous inhabitant will certainly never die, and it will be appropriate to reconsider the popular verdict on this much-misunderstood diplomatist beneath the shadow of the home he loved so well. Two years before the date of the letter I have just quoted, Sir Robert and Lady Peel were staying at Valençay. They might, perhaps, have been able to modify the impression which the young Queen Victoria had obtained from Pozzo's remark in London: "He said Talleyrand would not die yet, 'parce que le Diable ne voulait pas l'avoir.'"

That is a very fair reflection of the usual verdict. We shall see how far it was justified.

Valençay has the reputation, apparently justly founded, of being the largest inhabited house in France. Though within reach of the castles of the Loire, it is some distance to the south east of the usual tourist track through Touraine, and stands in the picturesque plains of the Berry, on the borders of the region celebrated by George Sand. It was built for Jacques d'Etampes by Philibert de l'Orme in 1540, and is considered by many to be one of the finest monuments of the Renaissance in France. By the reign of Louis XV. Messire d'Etampes had become Marquis de Valençay; but in 1719 half the seigneurie was sold to John Law, the notorious Scottish financier, whose bankruptcy annulled the transaction. The d'Etampes family,

however, finally lost it in 1745, though some of their survivors still claim the title of Marquis de Valençay. In 1766 it passed to M. de Ville-morin, a "farmer-general," who bought the estate for 620,000*fr.*, and took the name of Luçay from a neighbouring parish. By him Valençay was sold in 1805 to Prince Talleyrand, who gave it in 1829 to his great-nephew, Napoleon Louis de Talleyrand-Périgord, on whom Charles X. thereupon conferred the title of Duc de Valençay, which was the last Duché-Pairie created in France by the legitimate kings. The Duke died in March, 1898, and was succeeded in his titles by their present holder, born in 1832.

In his introduction to "France," Mr. Bodley wrote, at the end of 1897: "The final touches were given to these pages in the library of the Château of Valençay, among the memorials collected by Talleyrand of each stage in the reconstruction of France, just as he had left them sixty years ago." Three months later the old Duke, to whom the property had been given in the lifetime of his illustrious relative, died, and a great change came over this historic place, for many of the treasures which then filled the château were sold by auction in Paris. The family of the present Duke purchased and put back a certain number of these invaluable relics, and, though the house is no longer as interesting as it was when the author of "France" was at work there, it is still full of memories of the great diplomatist and of the world he helped so skilfully to remodel in the early decades of the nineteenth century. Here, for instance, you may see the portraits of Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony, of Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe, all given by themselves to Talleyrand. The portraits of Louis XIV. and the "Grand Dauphin" left Valençay with the Spanish Princes (of whom more later), and were replaced by Titian's splendid portrait of Gonzalvo of Cordova and a fine painting of the Duke of Ferrara by Antonio Moro.

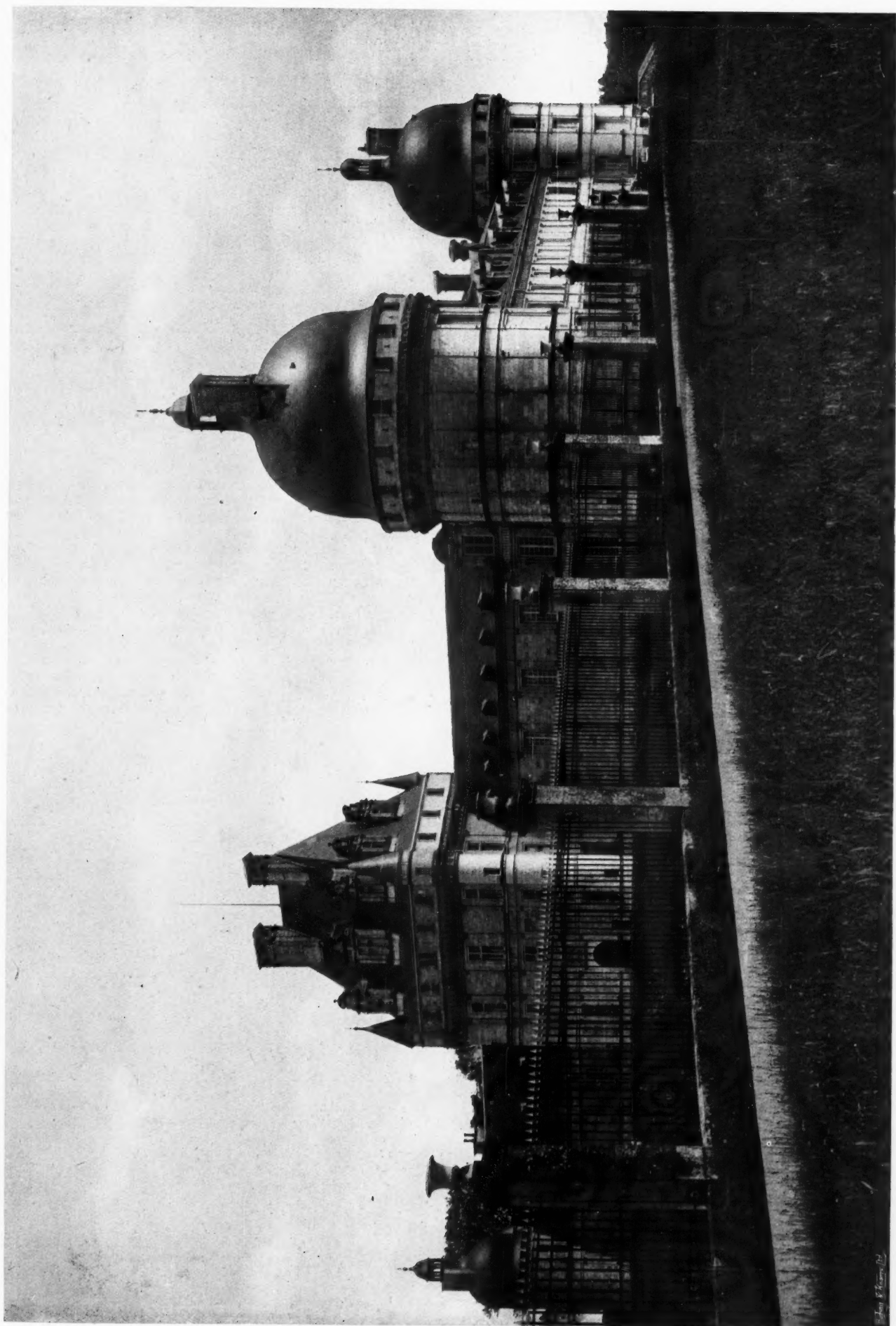
The history of the château was collated by the Duchesse de Dino (Princesse de Courlande in her own right), the favourite niece of Talleyrand, who married his nephew and became the mother of that owner of Valençay who died in 1898. In 1836, between Talleyrand's retirement from the Embassy in London and his death in 1838, this lady wrote a "Notice sur Valençay," and she relates that Napoleon, when he became Emperor, conceived the idea that his



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ENTRANCE TO AVENUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GENERAL VIEW OF CHÂTEAU.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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Foreign Secretary should have a magnificent château in which to entertain foreigners of distinction. Valençay was offered by M. de Luçay, who was in need of money, and in 1805 Talleyrand entered into possession; but his master did not allow him to enjoy it long in peace. In 1808 the Emperor, in order to fulfil his ambitious designs in Spain, decoyed the King and his family into France and decided to retain them there as prisoners. Charles IV. was accordingly sent to Fontainebleau; but his son, proclaimed Ferdinand VII. after his abdication, was sent to Valençay with his brother Don Carlos and their uncle Don Antonio, there to remain till their return to Spain in 1814. After the Congress of Vienna and the battle of Waterloo, Talleyrand took up his residence at Valençay and commenced a careful restoration of the château, which he filled with a priceless collection of furniture and books. He also largely developed the estate, which he made his headquarters until his mission to England in 1830, and at Valençay in the Chapel of the Sisters of Charity his remains were buried some months after his death in Paris in 1838.

There are few other châteaux in France which exercise so magnetic an attraction when seen from a distance. Built on a plateau dominating the surrounding forests, the stately mass of Valençay is visible for miles round. Some critics have objected that the domed towers, which are its peculiar characteristic, are not in keeping with the ornate donjon of Philibert de l'Orme; but the complete effect is superb. The chief entrance is by an avenue through the forest of Gatine, and you traverse two vast courtyards before reaching the great donjon, a fitting centre for an estate which, until the death of the late Duke, extended for 50,000 acres, a large area even for England, but unparalleled in France. But in all its history of three centuries

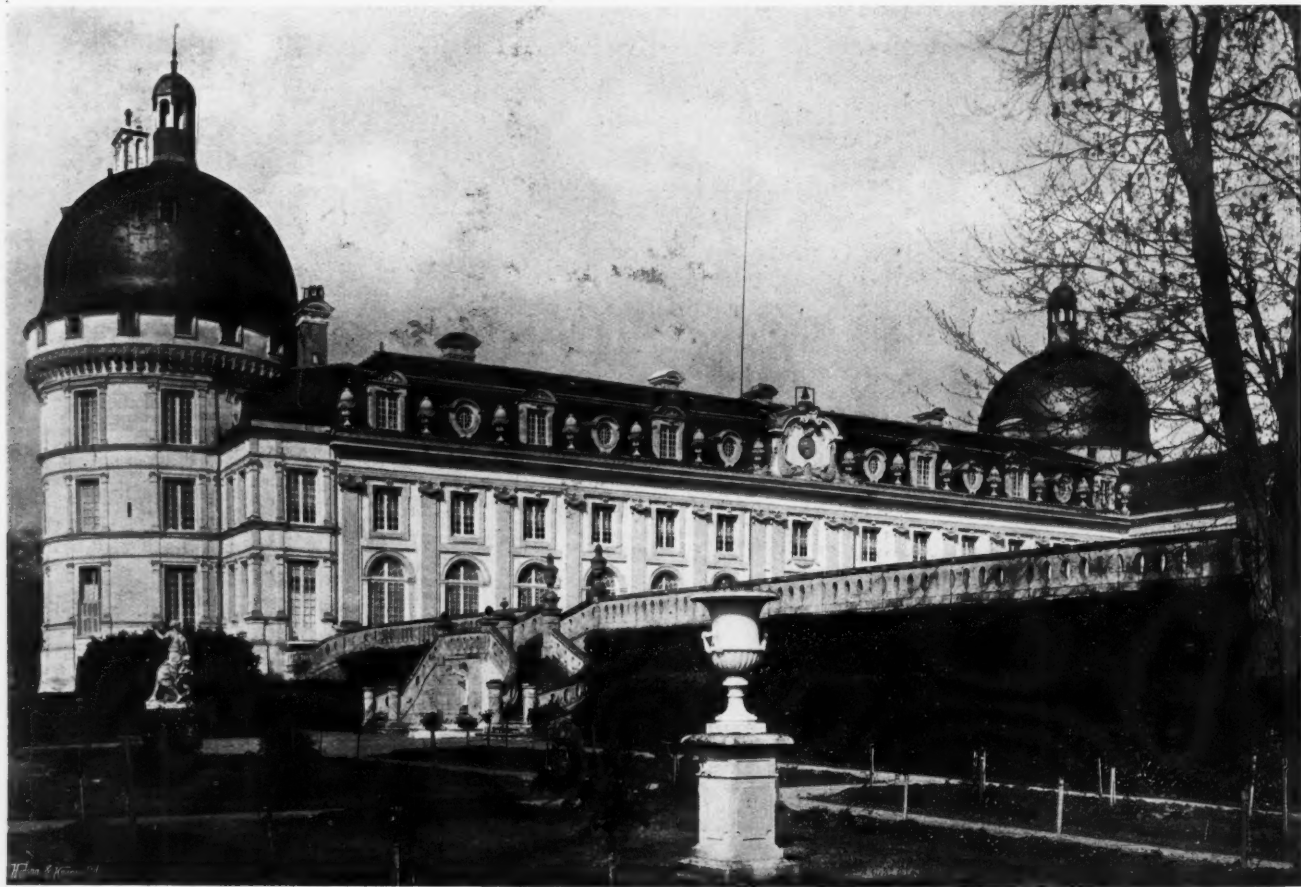


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THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

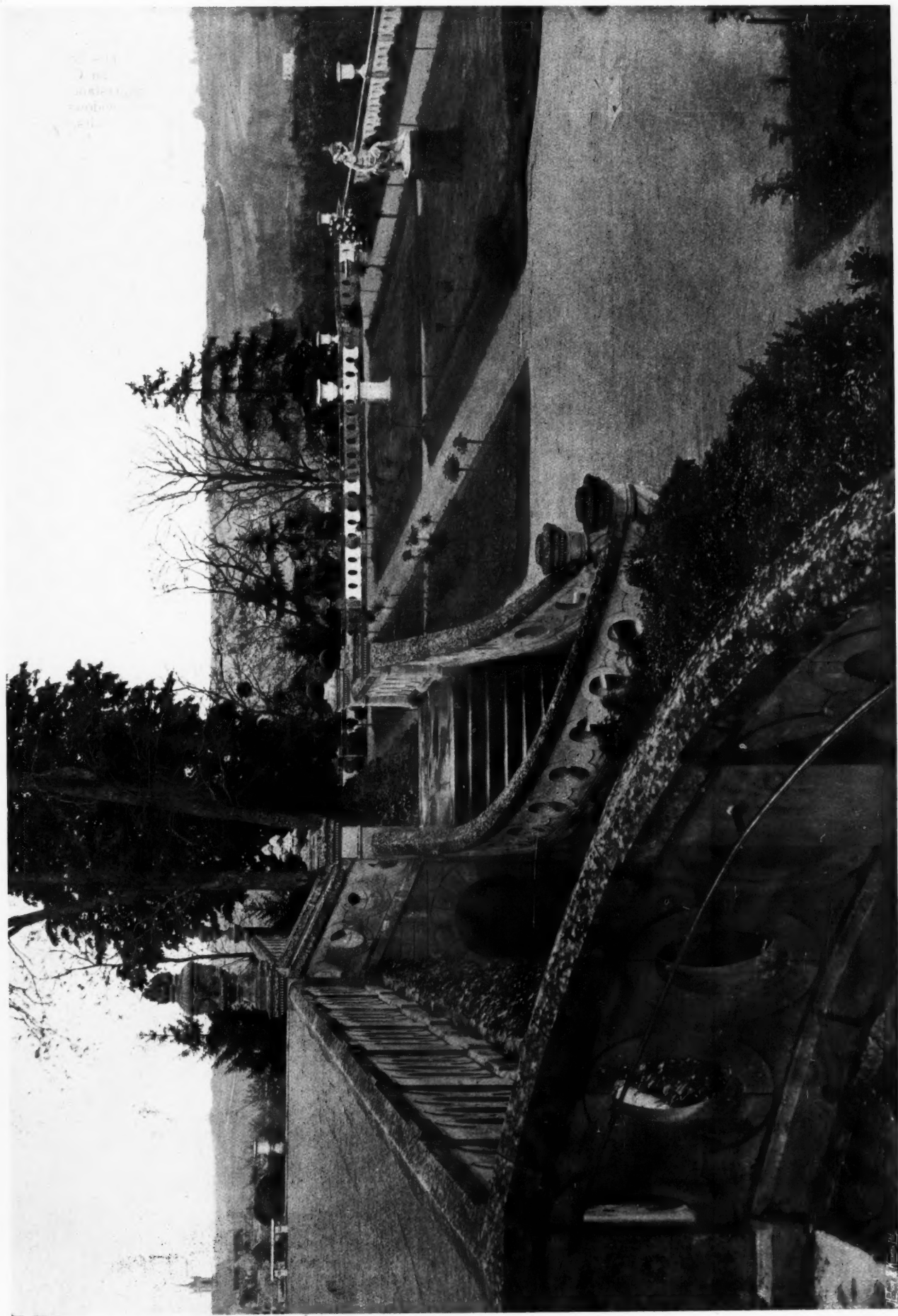
and a-half one figure stands out pre-eminent in interest—the man whom Carlyle thought "one of the strangest things ever seen, or like to be seen, an enigma for future ages," whom Mme. Staël describes as "the most impenetrable and most inexplicable of men," the cripple with the deep voice, the mask-like face and flashing eyes, who passed from the old *régime* of the clergy and the nobility to the chaos of the Revolution, from the Directorate to Napoleon, from Napoleon to the Restoration, from the Bourbons to the Orleanists, and made fresh legends—and fresh enemies—at every step. Perhaps in the shadow of his own towers, in the rooms where the best of his last years were spent, we may get a little nearer to the truth of this enigma than his contemporaries ever penetrated. I have no desire to "whitewash" Talleyrand. The facts of his career are sufficient. We know more of them than any of his nineteenth century



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FROM THE GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE GARDENS FROM THE TERRACE.

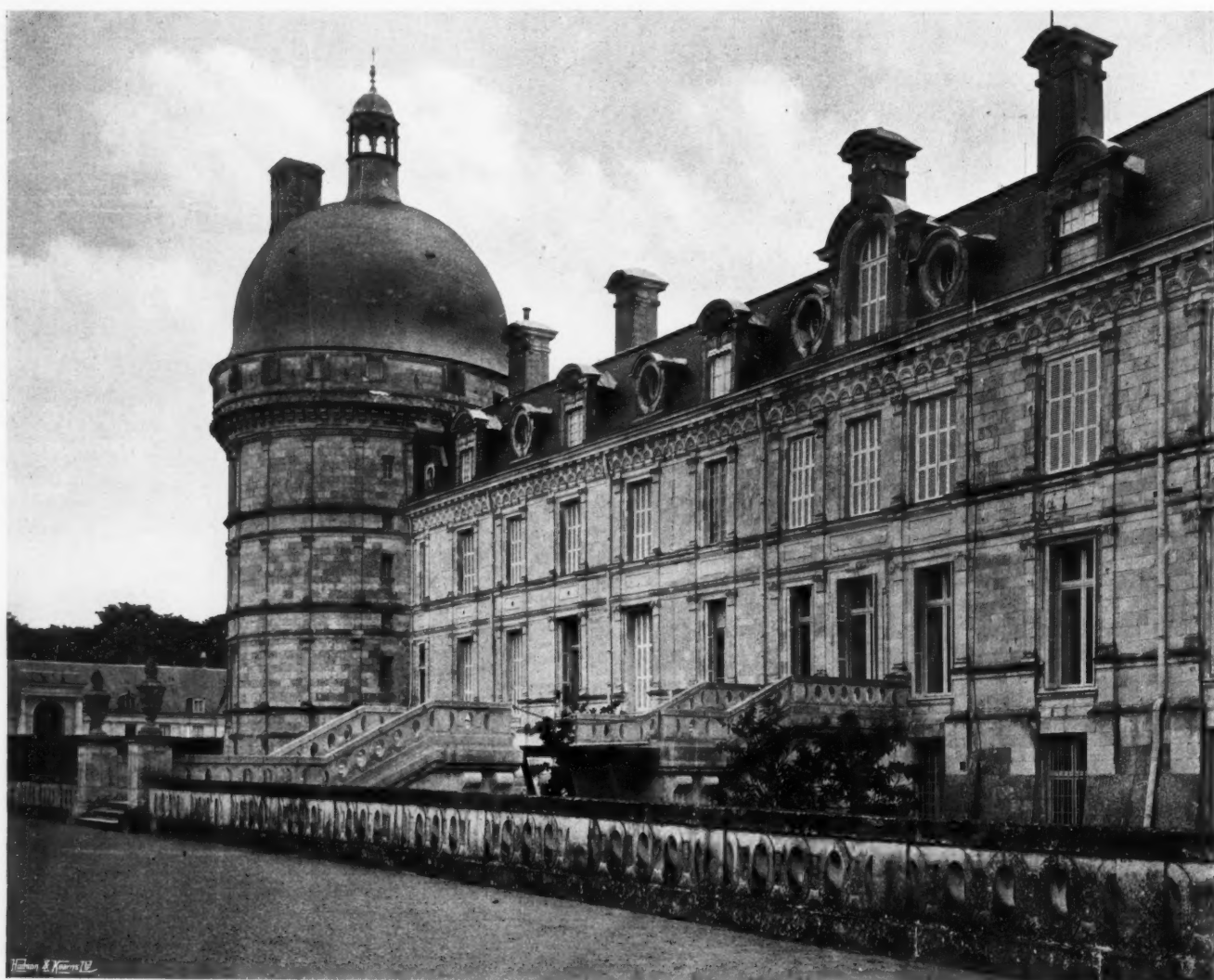
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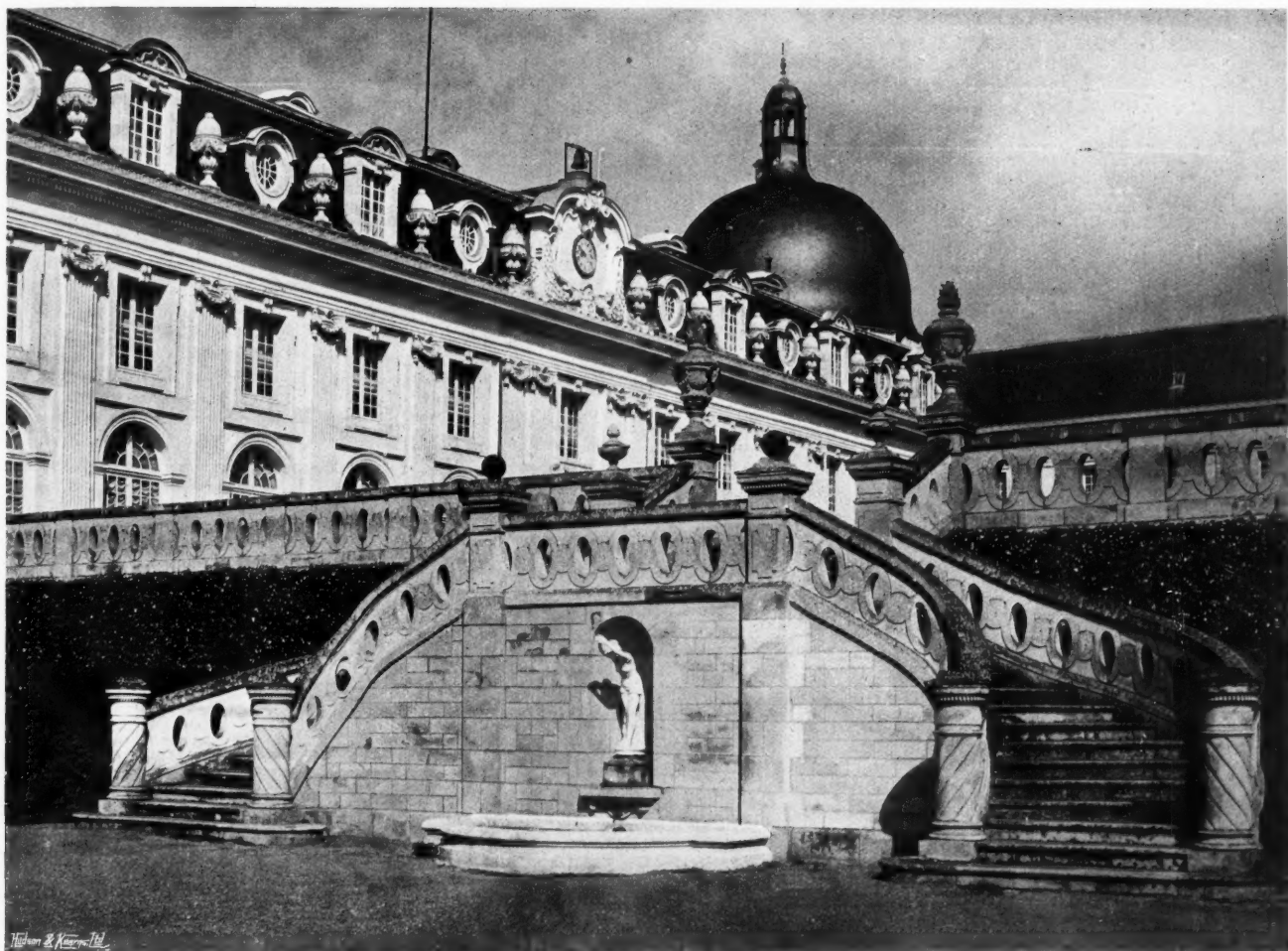
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critics did. The details published by M. de Lacombe in France and Mr. McCabe in England have alone made the old views of him untenable any longer.

"Taille rangs," or Talleyrand, is an inspiring name for a soldier; but I find as little to admire in the Lieutenant-General de Talleyrand-Périgord, who was the diplomatist's father, as in the daughter of the Marquis d'Antigny who bore him. The only week he ever spent with her was the week after his birth in Paris in 1754. She put him out to nurse, and he was crippled for life by falling off a piece of furniture and injuring his little foot. She did her best to cripple the rest of him by cutting off the inheritance that should have been his on his elder brother's death, and forcing him into the Church without the least consideration for his fitness or his predilections for it. One of his grandmothers was the famous Princesse des Ursins. The Princesse de Chalais, the great-grandmother with whom the little boy of four stayed till he was eight, seems to be the only womanly influence his childhood ever enjoyed. He struggled through small-pox alone. He struggled through the Collège d'Harcourt without a single ray of sympathy. At thirteen he was forced into the *soutane*, and began to consider an ecclesiastical career, in which Cardinal de Rohan (the hero of the Diamond Necklace), Loménie de Brienne and Dillon were the leading lights. His repugnance took the form of a cynical, silent self-repression, that left its mark on all his subsequent career. He was "dipped in the waters of the Styx," as he said afterwards. In 1774 he was sustaining a thesis at the Sorbonne. When he was in minor orders at Rheims he saw the coronation of Louis XVI., in which some of his relatives bore a prominent part. Other interests were not neglected. He had "made love under an umbrella" by the time he was eighteen. It was not long before he had met the Duchesse de Luynes, the Duchesse de Saint James, the Vicomtesse de Laval. In their salons the tender art did not lack encouraging surroundings. I imagine him with something of the temperament of Wilkes: "Give me half-an-hour's start and I fear no rival with a woman." But this was a trait that never became notorious. Like "Old Q" across the Channel, Talleyrand had too much hard common-sense to let women wreck his prospects. His passions never dominated him; he controlled them by his intellect. Even his gambling, in those early days, contributed largely to a slender income. All this does not sound very sacerdotal, yet it was not wholly

the result of open cynicism. It was with the deepest reluctance that he was ordained, because, after his parents' treatment, he realised the Church was his only chance of a career. The Abbé de Périgord was the typical Churchman of 1778; no more, but certainly no less. During the day he took little beyond a cup of chocolate or a biscuit with a glass of Madeira. But his wine, his coffee and his cooking were most carefully chosen for dinner, and his evenings were among the best in Paris; for he was a born Epicurean, and in that faith he died. His common-sense extended even to those practical politics of the Church which contemporary Churchmen were the last to understand or alleviate. He helped the poor clergy; he gave Breton widows the right to marry again. If he was shrewd in his own affairs, he was wise and foreseeing in those of his neighbours. By degrees his real talents became more widely appreciated. At Rheims they had been observed by such Englishmen as Pitt, Elliot and Wilberforce; in Paris by such women as Mme. de Staël. Elected as a Deputy of the clergy of his diocese of Autun, he soon made his mark in politics. He was in the Assembly when the Bastille was stormed, and to a capital wild with the rejoicings of the people at their victory he brought (we may imagine with what feelings) the tidings of the King's promises. On the night of the 29th of that July his uncle's château was burnt to the ground. By the following January he had resigned his See of Autun, and was elected a member of the administrative council of the "Department of Paris." It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the famous "Messe du Champs de Mars," at the celebration of the first anniversary of July 14th, had preceded that inevitable renunciation; but to his mind the mass had been inevitable too. "Provided I remained a Frenchman I was prepared for anything," he wrote. It must, indeed, have needed a somewhat pliable intelligence to pass through times like those. We may to some extent reconstruct his philosophy at that time and subsequently. The nation was in the melting-pot of Fate; but he believed that as a nation it was indestructible. He abhorred hasty and unjust measures. He felt himself capable of wise and legitimate reform. The ideas for which others were prepared to die seemed to him to have outlived their usefulness. Had he not been convinced of this, he would have thought very little of dying for them too; but he saw that a possible future might be achieved with greater likelihood if he assisted in





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STAIRCASE FROM GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

directing events in the right channels. So he survived in order to direct them. He saw no harm in benefiting as much as other people did from the process of benevolent direction. His deliberate, low-toned voice was ever raised in support of justice, of humanity, of moderation; his lucid and convincing phrases won their way above the squeals and bellows of his blatant fellow-revolutionaries. Good taste was one of his essential ideals; and when he saw signs of its complete decay in France, he left his country for his country's good and became Ambassador in London. England expected sulphurous lightnings from the volcano he had left behind. The society of Saint James's was astonished to find instead a pale, sedate, even stolid-looking person, who barely raised his voice and rarely spoke; who had Theories of Education on the brain—theories which our twentieth century is only just beginning to realise; who quickly understood that, as a nation, we were not ready to be diverted from commerce into politics, and that we only asked to be left alone.

He was back in Paris when the Tuileries were stormed, and the Royal Family taken prisoners to the Temple; but the September massacres were too much for him. Under the pretext of persuading England to adopt the Metric System he left France with a passport from Danton, and returned to London to enjoy his library in peace and quiet. It was sold at Sotheby's in 1793 for over £2,000. He was not entirely deprived of the conversation of his compatriots, for the Comtesse de la Châtre was in Kensington, Mme. de Genlis was in town, Mme. de Staël lived out at Richmond. Fox, Sheridan and Lord Lansdowne were often in his rooms. He does not sound like a dangerous inhabitant. But he was disliked as an unfrocked bishop, and denounced as an emissary of the Jacobins; so early in 1794 he was peremptorily given five days to leave the country. He sailed for America, and in Philadelphia he much enjoyed the society of Alexander Hamilton. But he found his new home "a country without a past," and he was uneasy in it. Even a visit to Mount Desert did not move him. He became seriously dissatisfied with "a country of thirty-two religions and only one sauce." Early in 1796 his name was removed from the list and he returned to Europe. With his usual caution he had a good look at France from a distance before crossing her borders. But after some preliminary enquiries at Hamburg he re-entered Paris in September, 1796, a Paris which must have aroused feelings that—in such a man—may be more easily imagined than described.

Whatever else Talleyrand may have been, he was never a hypocrite, and he rarely concealed (when there was no harm in

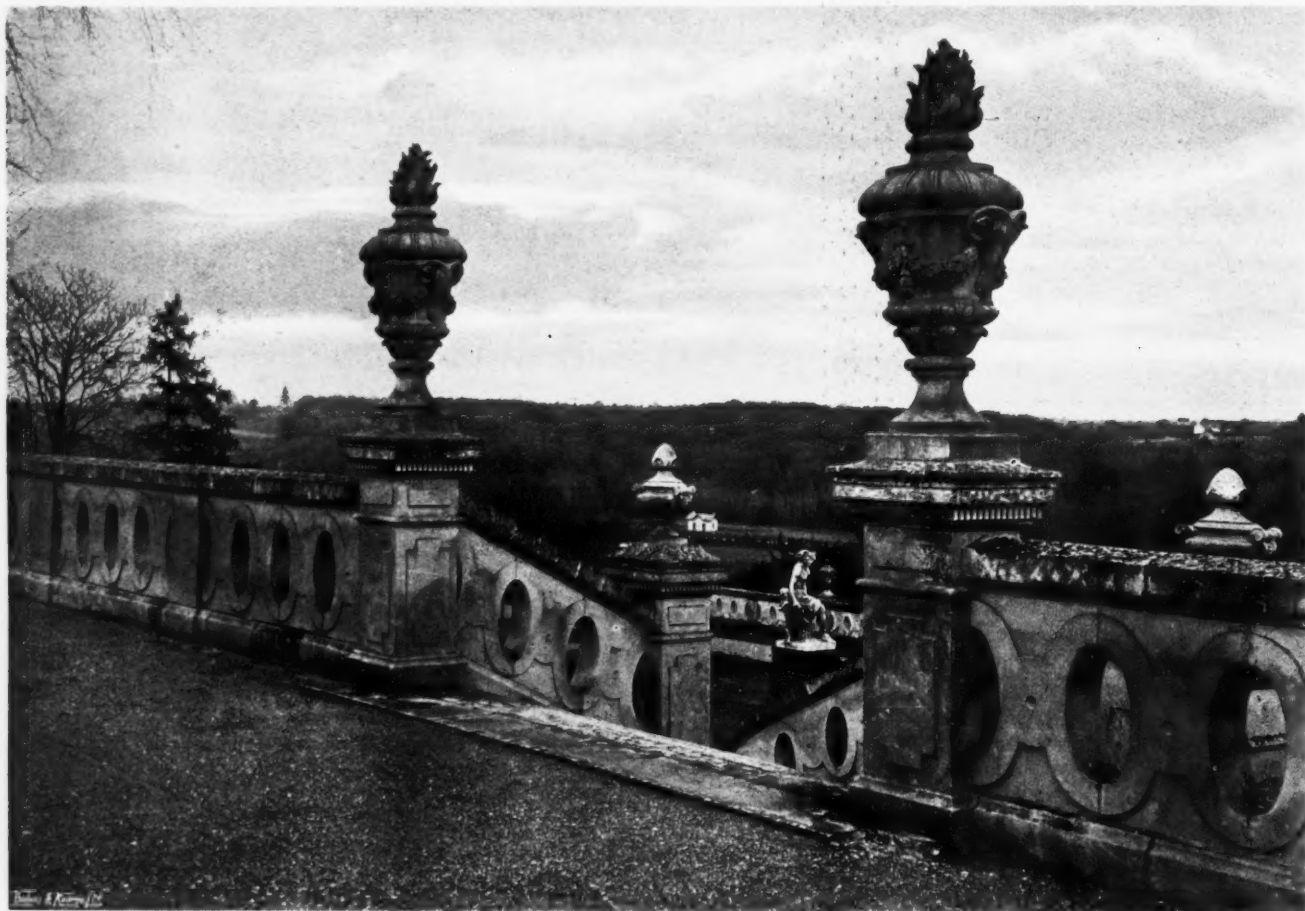
revealing them) his opinions about either himself or others. "I don't know why people dislike me," said a man in his hearing; "I have only done one wrong thing in my life." "When will it be over?" asked Talleyrand. "Siéyès is deep," said another. "You mean hollow," he corrected instantly. People soon grew to be careful what they said before this faultlessly-dressed, quietly-authoritative person who seemed to consider what went on from an entirely detached point of view, and yet silently imposed a standard on which he never openly insisted. At every turn his deep sense of humour, his strong sympathy with humanity, must have been inflamed by the Paris of 1796. He suggested a criticism of the ladies' toilets by sending one of them a figleaf. But in a year the charms of another had led him finally into captivity. No doubt the late mistress of Sir Philip Francis was a most attractive woman. But it was Napoleon who made her Mme. de Talleyrand. They made the best of it till, twelve years afterwards, she became infatuated with the royal Spanish visitor at Valençay. Her husband had never exaggerated her intellectual claims. "A woman of intelligence often compromises her husband; without it, she can only compromise herself." Though he was capable of curling up her hair in thousand-franc notes at the Hotel Galiffet, he never allowed her to interfere with his own doings. After Mme. de Staël had aided him to get the post of Minister of "Exterior Relations" in 1797, he never attempted either to sell his country's interests or to endanger the peace of Europe for selfish reasons. But he was not above feathering his own nest in exactly the same way that his contemporaries—English or foreign—feathered theirs.

Something of a kindred genius each man must have discerned in the other when Napoleon constantly called Talleyrand to the Luxembourg on questions of foreign policy. Save Fouché, the First Consul needed no civilian more in 1799. Between them they were to change the map of Europe; for Talleyrand believed in benevolent despotism, not in revolution, and he supported Napoleon until every pretext of benevolence had been swept aside. It was Napoleon, not Talleyrand, who murdered the Duc d'Enghien. Their conversations must have been a relief after the dry details of other Ministers. "Some say George III. is dead," said Talleyrand, "others, not. I believe neither." Another time he was informed that "pékin" was the soldier's phrase for all that was not military. "I see. Just as we call 'military' all that is not civil." A peculiarly plain person was once boring the company by expatiating on his mother's beauty. "Ah," interposed Talleyrand, "it was your

father, then, who did not quite reach the usual standard of good looks." Someone asked him what had passed at the last committee meeting. He looked quietly at the impertinent enquirer, and replied in a solemn voice: "Three hours." When Napoleon made himself Emperor in 1804, it was naturally Talleyrand who became Grand Chamberlain of the Empire, and who directed the organisation of the new Court. But he was not invariably in agreement with his master. England had declared war the year before, much to Talleyrand's annoyance and regret. He had no sympathy with inflated ideas about exaggerated empire. But Napoleon was quite mistaken in imagining his sagacity and sound common-sense to be merely puling humanitarianism. That was a weakness in which Talleyrand never indulged. On the whole, however, they got on excellently, because each recognised, for a time, an appropriate instrument in the other. Talleyrand's salary was £20,000 a year, to which Napoleon added the papal fief of Benevento, and the Foreign Minister was not ungrateful. He actually organised the supplies for the whole Imperial army at a critical point in one campaign. Once he remained immovable in his chair the whole night because Napoleon, exhausted with his work, had fallen asleep as they were talking. But in 1807 Napoleon "dropped his pilot," with a sufficiently graceful recognition of his

be treated as Princes of the Blood, and tried himself to teach them to shoot, to ride, even to read. He reprimanded the commander of the military guard for being too officious. He allowed them to address Napoleon as "Mon Cousin." The Emperor angrily directed that they should write to him as "Sire" in future. "Ajaccio and St. Helena dispense with comment," said Talleyrand afterwards, in referring to the episode. When their kindly host, who could be so bitter when he chose, was compelled to leave them in 1808, they wept at parting and gave him their old prayer-books as keepsakes.

In the autumn of 1808, Erfurt was full of those "shadows of dominion, splendour and catastrophe," the forty dukes and monarchs of Europe who had gathered for the meeting of the Tsar Alexander with Napoleon. Perhaps the greatest man there was Goethe. Talleyrand was there, too; but he had never relaxed the clear distinction in his mind and heart between the national interests of France and the personal ambitions of Napoleon. "France," he told the Tsar, "is civilised, but her ruler is not. The Russian monarch is civilised, but his people are not." The little rift widened inevitably. "Spain was unlucky for both of us," had said Napoleon when he heard stories of Talleyrand's wife and the Princes at Valençay. When both were back in Paris, after Erfurt, "You did not tell me," said



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ON THE UPPER TERRACE.

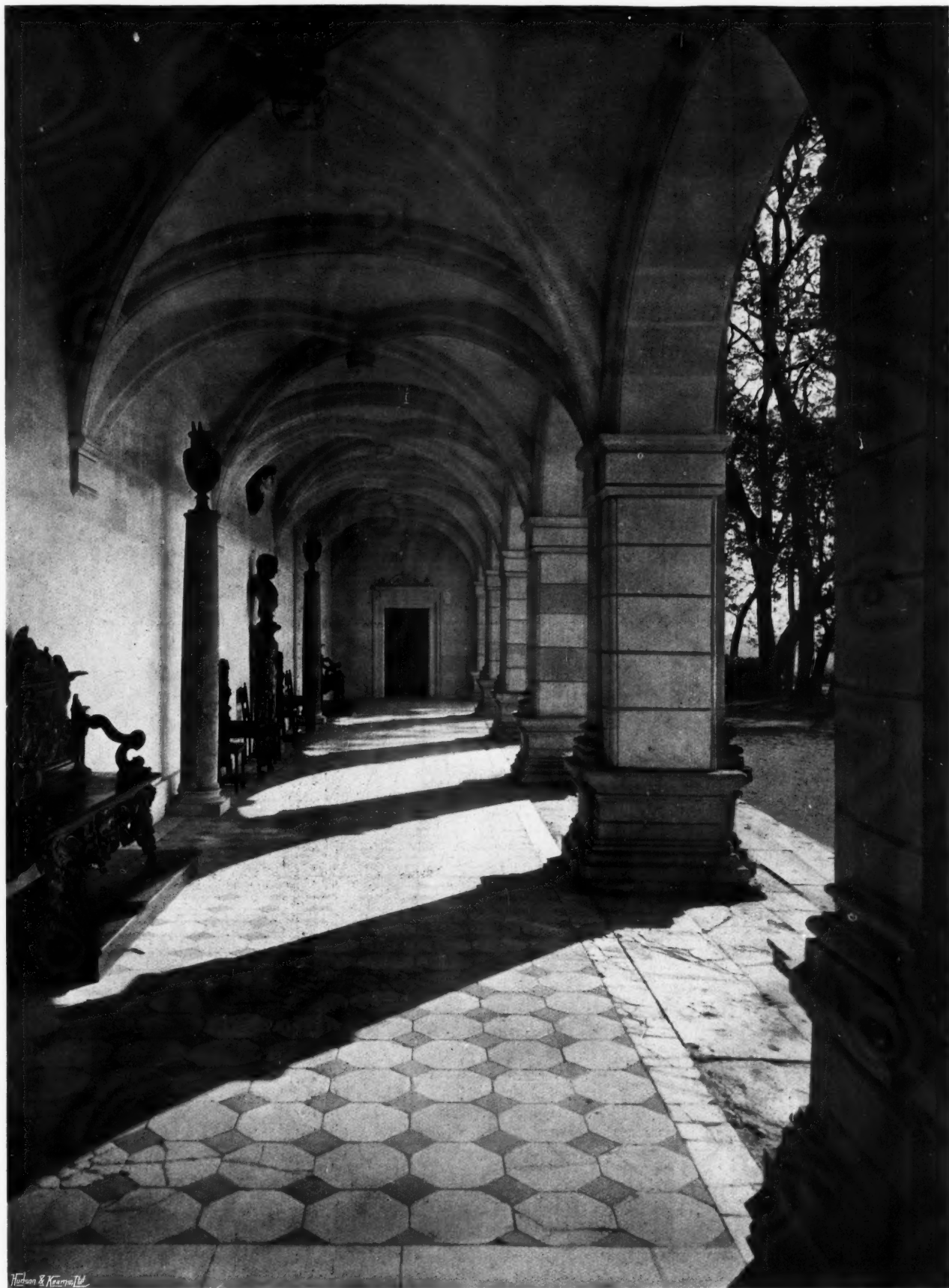
"COUNTRY LIFE."

services, and forged ahead alone upon the rocks of Russia. Talleyrand had flatly refused to serve mere, naked personal ambition. But even in his retirement at Valençay, the Emperor found a use for him, and sent him the Spanish Princes to take care of, at a fee of £3,000 a year. With all due deference it may be said that they cannot have been very congenial guests. They possessed scarcely a single accomplishment that could have recommended them to their distinguished chatelain. Talleyrand was once gratified to hear that Don Antonio had been observed in the library; his feelings, however, underwent a change when he discovered that the pious uncle had been cutting the illustrations out of valuable old editions in order to protect the morals of his nephews. They were lodged in the room now called "La Chambre de M. de Talleyrand," in which are pictures by Titian, Rembrandt, Holbein, Mignard, and Le Brun. The dozens of wolf-traps they made were preserved there till a few years ago. The stages with flower-pots full of Spanish plants had been previously removed. They watered them copiously night and morning, which must have been trying for the tapestry and hangings. At the end of six years' stay they scarcely left a bit of furniture intact. Their ancient chariot, incapable of recrossing the Pyrenees, was for long years afterwards exhibited at Valençay. But Talleyrand always insisted that they should

Napoleon again, "that the Duke of San Carlos was your wife's lover." "I did not think," replied the husband, "that it redounded either to your Majesty's honour or mine." Spain was indeed Napoleon's evil star. For the next four years Wellesley's troops were fighting through the Peninsula and preparing the final coalition. Talleyrand, powerless to interfere, left Napoleon to his inevitable doom and withdrew into the country on his salary as Vice-Grand Elector. He had pensioned his mother lavishly until her death. He lost enormous sums in 1812. So he sold Napoleon the Hotel Monaco in Paris for 2,000,000fr. and took another house instead in payment of a private debt from the Spanish Ambassador. Slowly but relentlessly the doom which Talleyrand had foreseen pressed heavily upon the Emperor. In December, 1812, Napoleon had returned from Moscow. In November, 1813, he returned from Leipzig. Between these fatal dates occurred his last interview with Talleyrand. "You are a coward, a traitor and a thief," he shouted. "You don't even believe in God. You have betrayed and deceived everybody. You would sell your own father." Not a muscle of Talleyrand's face or body moved, as he stood quietly by the fire under the storm of Corsican invective. He probably deplored its bad taste inwardly, but he appeared to be the last person interested in what was being said. He wrote

sadly and very moderately about it to his beloved Duchess of Courlande, and he took it at its true value. In the next March he was receiving the Tsar of Russia, the King of Prussia and others in Paris. He then restored the Bourbon monarchy with Louis XVIII. When Napoleon heard the news, he said: "Talleyrand was a good servant. I made the

Louis himself he only observed, "This is my thirteenth Oath of Loyalty, Sire; I trust it will be my last." He can scarcely have dreamt that yet another would be given to Louis Philippe. One of the mightiest visitors to Paris, Wellington, was Talleyrand's sincere admirer; and the diplomatist soon proved his worth to others by his masterly conduct of the Congress of



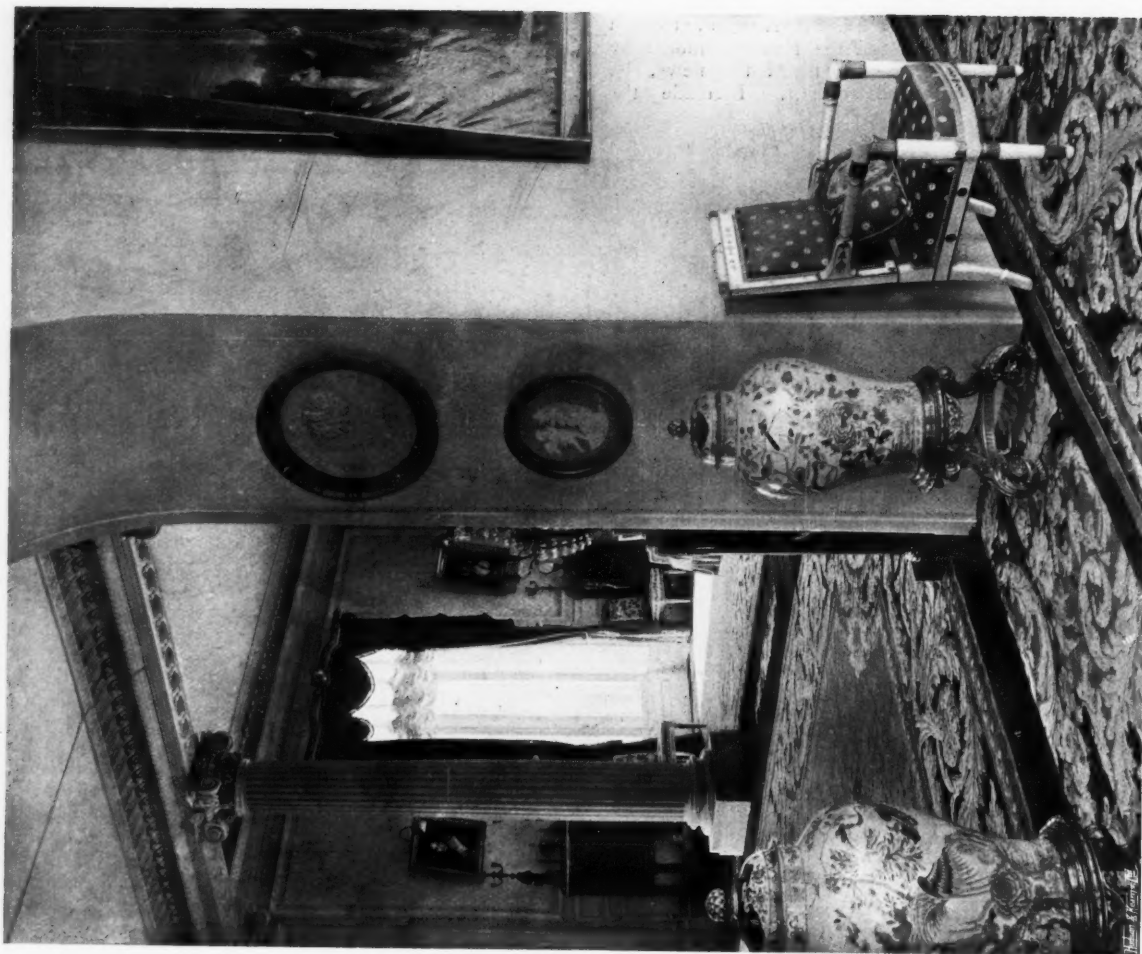
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THE CLOISTERED CORRIDOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mistake of treating him badly without making him powerless." Unfortunately, though Talleyrand knew Napoleon, he did not know Louis XVIII., or his courtiers, of whom he, said later, "Well, the geese saved the Capitol." He soon realised the calibre of their wives. "That is a very short skirt," he smiled to one of them, "in which to take an oath of fidelity." To

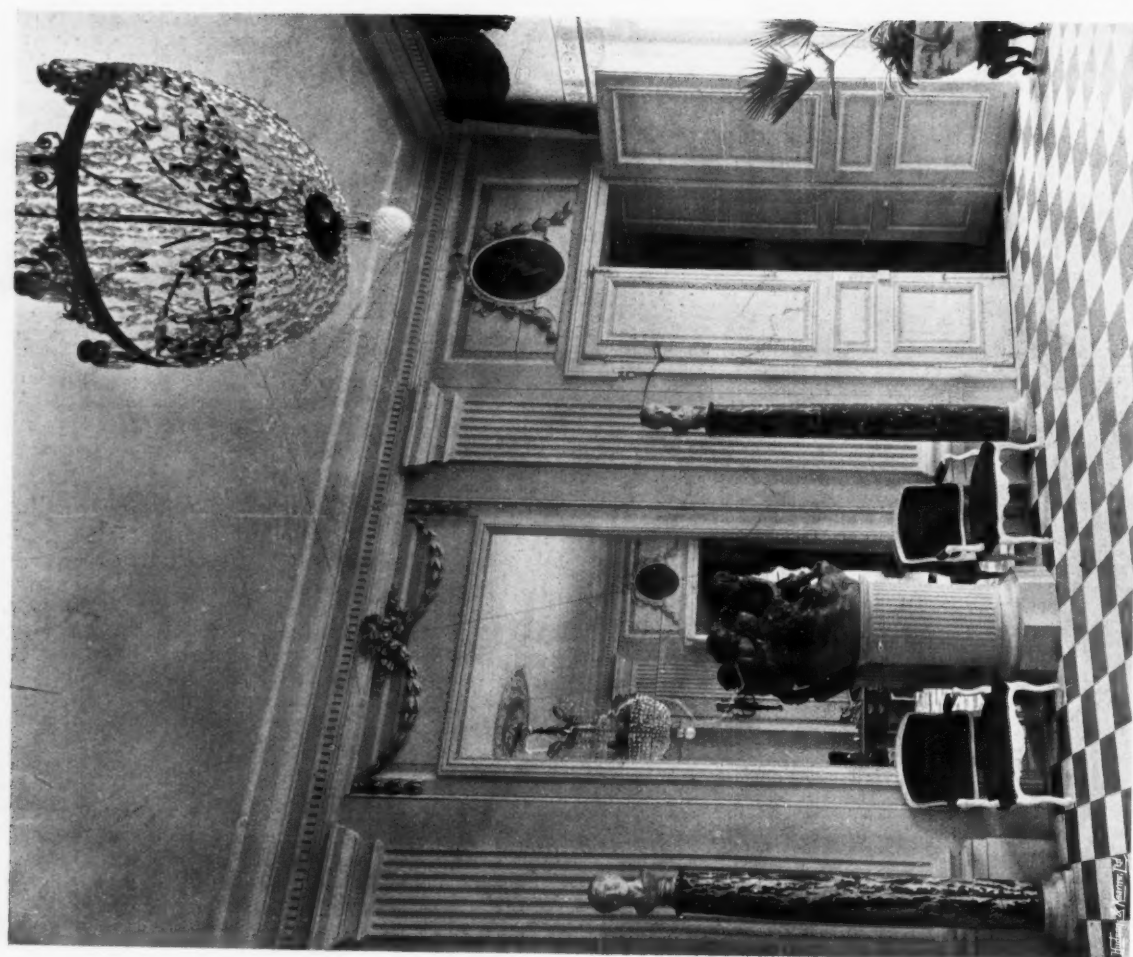
Vienna, where he got not only the laughers but the thinkers on his side as well. His ideals of "peace, justice, France and humanity" have often been sneered at by those who did not know the facts. But they achieved the maintenance of the kingdom of Saxony as well as the restoration of Naples to the Bourbons, and no single Minister at the Congress achieved so



"C.L."

THE SALON.

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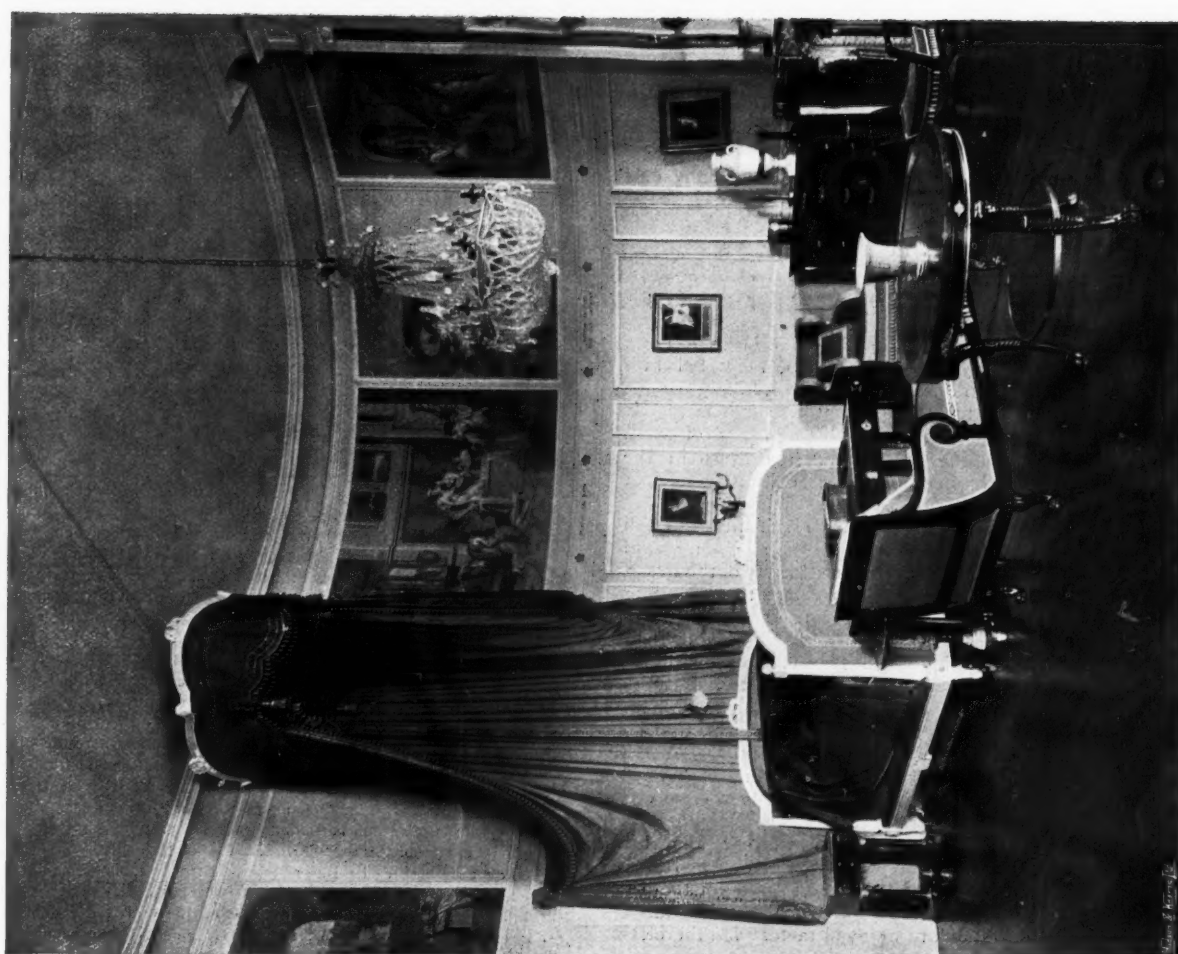
"C.L."

THE VESTIBULE.

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much. Before its deliberations were over Napoleon had sailed from Elba; Talleyrand, however, stayed by his work until the Act was signed, after Louis XVIII. had fled to Belgium, leaving all his Minister's confidential documents behind. When Talleyrand reached Brussels, Waterloo had been fought and won, and by Wellington's advice he joined Louis at Cambrai. But the situation had become impossible, and he withdrew to Valençay with his High Chamberlain's salary of £4,000 a year. It is at this point that Talleyrand's Memoirs close. He began to write them at Valençay in 1816, and finished them in the last three years of his life. They were only published in 1891, and they revealed singularly few diplomatic secrets.

After 1815 Mme. de Talleyrand lived in England on the pension of 60,000fr. which he allowed her till her death in Paris in 1835. His cherished companion at Valençay was the wife of that nephew to whom he had assigned the Duchy of Dino, awarded him by Ferdinand. Her mother was his old and valued friend the Duchess of Courlande, and her little daughter Pauline was with him to the end. Some eight years he spent with them at Valençay. Most men would have considered them the well-earned rest after a full life of labours and vicissitudes. Talleyrand knew better. He was only waiting. But before the last call came, and the curtain fell, he showed that he could wait as gracefully as he had done all else. The temperance and good taste of his epicureanism had left him with good health when most of his contemporaries were broken men. His long, white hair was carefully powdered and curled. Out of a face as waxen as a death-mask his grey eyes still flashed beneath their shaggy brows; his voice, more sepulchral than ever, still penetrated every corner of the listening room. He got up late, and enjoyed the best coffee in France. He ate and drank sparingly, but his wines and dishes were the most exquisite that could be found. He sat up till the small hours at cards, at billiards, in conversation, in the writing of his Memoirs and his correspondence. He entertained numerous guests from France and England beneath the huge Moorish-looking domes that guarded the angles of de l'Orme's great Castle, and he drove happily about with them along the avenue of chestnuts that led into his wide domains. His servants loved him to a man. His neighbours, when they understood him, respected him as well; even Royer-Collard, the Doctrinaire philosopher at Château Vieux, succumbed to the charm of his personality. It is a pity that George Sand, the most distinguished of them all, destroyed the value of the true details she gives in the "Lettres d'un Voyageur" by her outrageous calumnies against a man of eighty.

In 1824 Charles X. succeeded Louis XVIII. Talleyrand had made very few public appearances in Paris in the interval, one of them being a speech to the Peers defending the liberty of the Press. But it was he who brought the Duke of Orleans to Paris after Charles X. had fled. In 1830 he was sent to the Embassy in London, taking the Duchesse de Dino with him, and their salon was a favourite meeting-place for Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, the Princess Lieven and many more. In opposition both to his own Government and to their emissary, Count Flahaut, he persistently opposed the annexation of Belgium by France, and continued fighting until Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was firmly installed upon the Belgian throne. When Lord Londonderry attacked him in the House of Lords, he was warmly defended by Lord Holland and the Duke of Wellington. In April, 1834, he crowned his diplomatic work by signing the alliance between England, France, Spain and Portugal. It was time for the last act to begin, and Talleyrand retired for the last time to Valençay. He had determined to "die decently" as he had lived according to his standard of good taste. He therefore moved into his great house in the capital of France, when he felt the end was near.

If his funeral were to be as princely and respectable as he felt would be appropriate to a king-maker, the forms of religion imposed themselves as necessary. So the Abbé Dupanloup became his frequent visitor. The Pope openly rejoiced at the apparently successful result. The King himself visited "the dying lion." Talleyrand breathed his last in Paris, with courage and composure, amidst an almost regal pomp and reverence, and was careful not to enter another world without bidding a decorous and dignified farewell to that he left behind. This was a fitting close to so dramatic a career, filled with so many and so varied episodes. Within its span the old régime had passed in blood and flame. New governments had risen hot-foot from its grave and fallen in turn to swift extinction. Amid the eddying clouds of political phantasmagoria, the personality of Talleyrand stands out like a rock amid the nebulous fumes that had choked all lesser natures. A man may be a traitor

once without discovery. He may be a traitor twice and escape all penalty save self-effacement. But he cannot play the traitor all his life and die as Talleyrand died in Paris.

The man who had seen Napoleon dictating notes to his army at Berlin in the Cabinet of Frederick the Great, was likely to take a rather larger view both of international politics and of domestic issues than the conventional patriot. But his later career only reflected the principles of his early life; for Talleyrand was always consistent, always devoid of all hypocrisy; he loved his country, he sought peace and ensued it; and he lived his own life at the dictates of his own dispassionate reason. If he had conspired, then the whole of France were with him in the conspiracy. If he "deserted" a cause, that cause had already lost everything essential to its being. If he "attacked the Church," he only realised that since a part of its enormous revenues (including his own income) was necessary to the rest of the nation, the inevitable operation had better be carried out justly and advisedly, instead of by precarious methods of ill-considered pillage. If he did not believe in the divine right of kings, he laughed at the divine right of the mob. He loved greatness, but he never forgot himself. His ideals may not be what are called the highest; but he carried them out unflinchingly, without concealment and without regret; and by no other standards would he have desired that his attainment should be judged.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.



Copyright. GARDEN STATUARY AT VALENÇAY. "C.L."

WILD COUNTRY LIFE

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

ON the outskirts of a Sussex coast town last week a bird, described by the local paper as "resembling an eagle," was observed to fly over a house and drop a bantam hen, which it was carrying, into the back yard. Probably the near presence of human beings startled it and compelled it to relinquish its prey. Notwithstanding the peril of this strange flight, the bantam survived its capture, and was taken care of by a neighbouring butcher.

THE HEN HARRIER.

I do not think it at all probable that the capturer of this small fowl was an eagle. I have little doubt myself that the raptor was a hen harrier, and for this reason. Only two days before I saw on a piece of marsh on the outskirts of this town, within half a mile of the place where the above incident took place, a bird which was certainly a harrier, and which, from its colour and size, I took to be a hen harrier. This bird it was, I have little doubt, which seized the little bantam hen and gave her so unpleasant an experience. During late autumn hen harriers are migrating South and East on their way to North Africa and Asia Minor. In France this bird is actually known from this circumstance as *Le Busard Saint-Martin*. Its migration Eastward takes it actually as far as Canton, though it is probable that these birds penetrating thither are Asiatic-bred. At this time of the year (November) both the hen harrier and Montagu's harrier are occasionally to be seen on the Sussex marshes; sometimes an odd specimen may remain during the great part of the winter, if it can manage to evade the wandering gunner or gamekeeper.

THE MARSH HARRIER.

That splendid bird the marsh harrier is nowadays, unhappily, a much rarer species. This raptorial, formerly well known in England as the moor buzzard, and occasionally as the duck hawk and white-headed harpy, can scarcely now be claimed as an indigenous British species. The draining of the great fenlands, the greed of collectors and the hatred of keepers have wrought its downfall. I believe it attempts occasionally to nest in the Norfolk Broad country; but, so far as I am aware, the last recorded nest in that district dates back as far as 1878. At rare intervals even this much-persecuted harrier looks in upon our Sussex marshes during migration, but its visits are now extremely few and far between. Probably the best places to view this bird in Europe at the present day are among the marshes of Spain and Italy and other similar regions of South Europe, where, throughout the year, it is still commonly to be found. At the beginning of the last century these harriers were, according to Montagu, the most common of the raptorial about the sandy flats on the coast of Carmarthenshire, where they preyed chiefly upon young rabbits. In that locality the same author speaks of having seen as many as nine "feeding at one time upon the carcase of a sheep."

MONTAGU'S AND THE HEN HARRIER.

Montagu's and the hen harrier still breed in Britain, though their nesting haunts are, unfortunately, much preyed upon by the far too rapacious collectors of eggs. Once, at least, in recent years a pair of hen harriers have bred in Sussex, while the Montagu has been known to nest more than once in that county. In Cornwall a pair of Montagu's nested and successfully reared their young in 1898. Each spring these last-named harriers visit the Norfolk Broadland and attempt to nest, but the insane greed of collector, casual gunners and gamekeepers as regularly render these attempts futile. It is a thousand pities that so beautiful and interesting a species cannot be left in peace. Even in the Orkneys, where these harriers breed, they are followed each spring by egg-collectors and their nests systematically plundered.

Montagu's harrier travels on migration as far South as Cape Colony and as far East as Ceylon and Burma. The marsh harrier has been identified beyond Equatorial Africa, as far down as the Transvaal, and is known in Japan. Few of the raptorial birds are more interesting in their habits than the harriers, and the sight of one of these birds beating industriously over the level marsh country, searching every nook and corner for some likely prey, is, on the rare occasions when one can enjoy it in our southern country, infinitely fascinating. These birds, besides devouring frogs, reptiles, insects, various small birds and their eggs, and small mammals, prey also upon the young of partridges and pheasants. For this reason they are abhorred by keepers, who, notwithstanding the present rarity of the species, still persist in shooting them at any and every available opportunity. For my part I would as soon think of shooting a heron or a peregrine falcon as I would one of our three British harriers. These birds hunt very late in the evening, often pursuing their career after sunset until darkness has completely set in. Their reason for this, no doubt, is to secure mice and such small game as may be on the move towards nightfall.

THE PEREGRINE AND THE STORM.

Last week, coming over one of the South Downs on one of those stormy afternoons with which we have been favoured of late, I was overtaken by a dark tempest cloud, from which thunder and lightning as well as rain issued pretty freely. At this time, moving serenely through mid-air, and apparently making nothing of the fierce lightning which played across the landscape, or of rolling thunder or torrential rain, a peregrine falcon swept along steadily for the cliffs, some two or three miles away. The bird had evidently been hunting some way inland, and now, calmly imperturbable, was cleaving her solitary way homeward, as if unconscious that a fierce tempest was raging about her. It was a fine sight. The fierce courage of this grand falcon seems to be equal to any occasion. Many birds are visibly affected by storm, if accompanied by thunder and lightning. Rooks, in particular, show nothing like the dauntlessness of the peregrine on such occasions. They, too, are occasionally caught; but from my own observation they are by no means easy when the tempest breaks about them. Often before a storm comes on they may be noticed whirling about the sky, vociferating noisily to one another as if to settle upon some plan of action. Thereafter they may be seen making their way rapidly towards shelter before the clouds do their worst.

INJURY TO BIRDS BY LIGHTNING.

And, in truth, the fowls of the air have good reason to be in some dread of the thunder-storm. The clouds are no respecters of sentient things, whether mammals or feathered creatures, and even in this country large birds have been stricken down in some numbers by the flash of lightning. Only last

year, during a heavy storm, several wild geese and a greater black-backed gull met their deaths by lightning in the county of Norfolk. Nineteen wild geese were thus stricken dead, not, curiously enough, from one flock, but from different small bands in the same locality at various distances apart. They were picked up actually in four parishes, and seven of them lay in what is described by the well-known ornithologist, Mr. J. H. Gurney, as "a more or less straight line."

RAVAGES OF LIGHTNING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Many years ago I came across five wild geese which had been slain by lightning in South Africa. They had been making manifestly for a large vlei or lagoon, but the great birds—they were of the spur-winged species (*Plecropterus gambensis*), measuring between 3ft. and 4ft. in length—had been overtaken by the storm before they could reach the water. They lay scattered about the sandy soil, all of them, save one, showing clear traces of the lightning, which had cut through the thick plumage to the flesh, leaving a singed and well-marked cleft. But thunder-storms in South Africa are far more terrible in their effect than they are in this country, and the ravages of lightning among animals and human beings are there often terribly severe. This is especially noticeable in parts of the Transvaal, where much ironstone exists. The most destructive lightning stroke of which I have knowledge happened some years ago in the North-West of Cape Colony. A large flock of sheep were standing huddled together during a tremendous thunder-storm. By a terrible flash of lightning more than 900 were instantly laid dead. For something like a week the farmer, his herdsmen and any other hands he could get together were occupied in stripping the dead carcasses of their skins and thus saving what they could from the wreck. This fatal instance of the extraordinary power of lightning was noticed in many of the Cape papers and is perfectly well authenticated.

H. A. B.

FROM THE FARMS.

POULTRY AT SMITHFIELD.

IF we may draw any inference from the magnificent display of fowls at the Fat Stock Show this year, it would seem that much progress is being made with the fattening industry. This is largely due to the example set by certain men

of the highest influence in the agricultural world. A glance at the prize list shows that Lord Rothschild, who has done so much for other branches of farming, is leading the way in this also, as he secured no fewer than four prizes. The Duke of Devonshire had eight entries in the show, and he was enabled to carry away three prizes and a special cup; while Lord Middleton, who may be congratulated on filling the shoes of his father so adequately, received two prizes. A pair of turkeys sent by the Duke of Devonshire weighed together 52lb. 15oz., and were sold by auction for £3 10s. They were splendid birds, and did the utmost credit to those who reared and fed them. The best couple of geese weighed 39lb. 11oz. and the two largest fowls 21lb. 10oz. These, if not exactly records, are, at any rate, very satisfactory weights to have produced. A notable feature in the show was the success of cross-breeds. It would almost seem as if the tide were setting a little against the old Indian Game-Dorking cross in favour of an Indian Game and Buff Orpington. Those who may be called theorists in the fowl industry are rather hostile to these Buff Orpingtons, because they consider them a mongrel breed; but the proof of the pudding lies in the

eating of it, and the results attained seem to show that the practical farmer is right as against the theorist.

THE FUTURE OF PIG-BREEDING.

Mr. Sanders Spencer, who has been connected with pig-breeding for nearly half a century, has drawn up a very interesting summary of the present position and published it in the "Farmer and Stock-breeder Year Book" for 1908. He begins with the depression of 1905, when there were comparatively few pigs in the country and the prices were very low. The trade



A FINE GOBBLER.

attributed the falling away to the restrictions of the Board of Agriculture; but Mr. Sanders Spencer is inclined to give at least a share of the blame to the local authorities for what he calls their "ridiculous restrictions." Another point is that the increased stringency of the urban regulations has practically put an end to pig-keeping in towns. Further, the consumer is no longer in favour of large pigs, or, what comes to the same thing, of fat bacon, and the consequence is that at least 10 per cent. more pigs are now required to furnish the same weight of pork as was the case a quarter of a century since. The writer advocates the establishment of bacon factories, as it is certainly a disadvantage to have to dispose of the animals as fresh porkers. In forecasting the future we have to take into account the high and increasing price of feeding-stuffs, not only in our own country, but in the United States and Canada. These factors acting together are likely to maintain the high prices of the last eighteen or twenty months. In conclusion, Mr. Sanders Spencer considers that, in spite of the higher price of feeding-stuffs, pig-keeping and fattening is likely to remain profitable for some time to come; although he qualifies this statement with the remark that the financial crisis in the States is likely to have the effect of forcing on to the market an over-supply of pigs, with the certain result of

without bottles. Then there is the difficulty of cleaning these vessels when they have been obtained. A large dairy might, perhaps, be able to inaugurate a system of machinery such as is commonly employed in America. The upturned bottles in crates are run into the cleaning machine; when a stream of water and soda is driven into them they are passed further on, and then aluminium shot is made to revolve within each one at a rapid rate. A further cleaning with hot water and steam eventually purifies the bottles. The process is not so elaborate as might appear from this description, and could be very well applied in any moderately large dairy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MODERN BREEDING OF FARMSTOCK.

SIR,—While men of science have hitherto given a somewhat indistinct and uncertain sound on the question of crossing, the practical men in this part of the country, at least, seem to have settled it for themselves. The view of the men who grow animals for the market seems to be that just as the crossing of species leads promptly to sterility, so does the crossing of varieties, if persisted in, lead to degeneracy. They do not themselves express their view in this form, but what they say comes to the same thing. They express it in this way, that in crossing there must always be pure blood on one



W. Rawlings.

A BLEAK ROAD IN WINTER.

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a reduction in the value of pig products and increased depression. At present, however, there is no sign of this gloomy prophecy being fulfilled. Prices continue at a high level, and as long as the other necessities of life are dear it is unlikely that pig-breeding will fall seriously in value. The chief fact about pigs is that, as they are very prolific breeders, it is comparatively easy for the farmer to meet any greatly-increased demands.

MILK IN BOTTLES.

Probably on account of the continuous outcry that has been made by medical officers of health, an increasing number of those who consume milk have manifested a desire to receive it in glass bottles, according to the Danish method. The advantages of this are almost too obvious to need recapitulation. In sealed bottles milk is safe from contamination, and also from the greater evil of adulteration as practised by the milkmen who deliver the supplies in the morning; also, there can be no doubt whatever about the measure. Farmers, on their part, do not take up the idea very alertly, because of the practical difficulties and the expense involved. They have, in the first place, to provide bottles, and customers consider that at the moment they are paying enough for their milk, and so are inclined to demand it at the same price in bottles as they get it

side. For reasons of economy this means on the side of the sire. What a farmer beginning the growing of cattle will do will be to acquire as nice a looking lot of cows to breed from as he can. He will get them as well shaped and, above all, as healthy as possible; but his means being limited, they will be a miscellaneous lot. He will then make up his mind which of the varieties of cattle is likely to suit his pocket best. In this region his choice will most likely lie between polled Aberdeen-Angus and shorthorns. He will then secure the services of a pure-bred sire of the breed he selects, as healthy and handsome as he can find. Say that he selects a black polled animal. The first season's calves will be half-breds, and will resemble their sire much more than their dam. The males, without exception, he will consign to the butcher. The females, unless any defect about them is noticed, will be retained for the dairy and for breeding. In his second year the same process will be repeated, and so on indefinitely, the sire being always a pure Aberdeen-Angus, and the crossing never going further than the first cross. In the course of a few years his stock will hardly be distinguishable from a pure-bred herd. Half-bred animals being, for some reason not yet understood, usually good, sometimes, indeed, better than either parent, he secures in this way stock to sell or keep of a good kind. With the interbreeding of crosses he will have nothing to do. With them he holds that there is no certainty as to what he may get. There is little probability of improvement, and considerable chance of deterioration. The growing of mongrel cattle he altogether avoids, and in this he is probably right. During a considerable period of last century views were prevalent as to the benefits to be got from the "infusion of new blood," without being very particular as

to what source it came from, and the result was that the ordinary market or farm cattle became a mixture of a number of varieties. In interbreeding between crosses the faults or peculiarities of any of the various ancestors may therefore reappear. This doctrine of the benefit of an infusion of new blood has received great modifications. The raiser of pedigree stock, if for any reason he thinks new blood would benefit him, gets it, of course, from the best blood of the variety he affects. The grower of market stock follows the same rule, though, perhaps, not so strictly; but if he pursues the rule of breeding only from the best sires of a particular stock, his cattle will in time become pure specimens of it, and he may get admission to the Herd Book. In this way it is not difficult to see that in the North-East of Scotland the time is not distant when the polled cattle and the shorthorns will almost monopolise the country. For dairy purposes there will be a certain number of Ayrshires or Jerseys, and, more for ornament than for anything else, there may be a few West Highlanders. But the tendency is to reduce the number of varieties. The same principles are being followed, I believe, all over the country, and soon I expect we shall have nothing but the best varieties left. These varieties, so far as the British Islands are concerned, are few and probably very old. To produce a good variety, I believe time and separation to be essential. The key to our varieties will, I think, be found to be ethnographic. Stories such as those of the shorthorns being derived from crossing our native breeds with animals from abroad some two centuries ago seem very mythical. One would like to know more about them, and in particular what sort of animals they were, and whether they were not themselves good specimens of shorthorns. The Anglo-Saxons, when they came to this country, must have left some cattle behind. All these tales of the creation of new varieties are to be received with caution. There is a story now current of a new variety having been evolved in the Bordeaux country by the crossing of cattle from Brittany with cattle from Holland. But when the story is examined all that is certain is that a variety has been newly advanced to the dignity of a Herd Book and of recognition

by the local shows, and that it produces very good milkers. When further examined it appears that there is a controversy going on as to its origin, and that the breeds alleged to be amalgamated have been introduced from time immemorial, which hardly gives much encouragement to anyone to attempt at once to make a new variety or improve an old by outside crossing. It is needless to follow the argument through the other races of domestic animals. In the case of horses the same views prevail. If a farmer has a mare from which he wishes to breed, he will, if it is a work horse, select as sire the best pure-blooded one, say a Clydesdale, which travels his district; or if it is a carriage horse, the best pure hackney sire which he can find. As to breeding from a half-bred sire, he would never think of such a thing. In the case of dogs impure blood is at even a greater discount. Few men who breed dogs would think of raising even a first cross, and those stories which used to be current, for example, as to Gordon setters having a dash of the collie in them are now treated with ridicule. The state of the mind on such questions of most, including perhaps the best practical, men is not doubtful. More light from the men of science is much needed. What, for example, is the cause of the sterility of mules? Why is it that in crossing varieties the first cross is frequently so good? Why is it that so much prejudice exists against the interbreeding of cross-bred animals, however good their appearance may be? Is it merely the fashion of the day, or is there a real degeneracy to be feared, and if so why? Is the notion that, after a certain number of generations of pure blood, say five, the further progeny will be pure, well founded, or is there no certainty on this point? Lastly, what is the importance for animal-breeders of the laws of Mendel and of the views of De Vries on "mutations" and "fluctuations"? These doctrines have been mainly developed from the plant world; and while it is clear that if the principles were thoroughly understood there would be harmony between it and the animal world, there is at present some considerable difficulty in arguing from what happens in the one as to what is likely to happen in the other.—J. D. WILSON, Aberdeen.

SHOOTING.

STALKING EAST AND WEST: A CONTRAST.

HIGHLAND stalking might, perhaps, be more fitly compared with that in Kashmir or other mountainous regions; but as the writer's experience has lain chiefly in the plains of India, the following is written mostly with reference to stalking in the forests and jungles of the Central Indian plateau. My favourite way of stalking sambhur and cheetal in India was to go out with a single shikari and wander slowly about their haunts, going along very quietly, peeping over the top of rising ground and closely examining all nullahs and ravines. Sambhur and cheetal come out to feed at night, retiring to the jungles again at daybreak, but may frequently be found in open jungle during the day, lying up in ravines and shady spots. I have been very successful in this form of stalking, and got my best sambhur stag in this way one Christmas about five years ago. I was camping in a forest on the banks of the Nerbudda River, which offered good prospects of sport, as it had only been quite recently opened after being closed for a considerable period, and the feeding was good; and my experience, both in India and at home, leads me to the conclusion that the size of heads is chiefly a matter of feeding. I shot a 42in. sambhur not far from camp on the first evening. Next day it rained hard all day, and I had a long walk without any luck. At about four o'clock I was just on the point of giving it up and returning to camp, when I suddenly walked right on to a big sambhur stag with two does, standing in the open, about 150yds. off. I got him just behind the shoulder with a bullet from my Mannlicher rifle; he ran a short way, but a second bullet in the neck dropped him just as he was entering some thick jungle. The head was such a fine one that I brought it home to be set up. The measurements were taken by Rowland Ward as follows: Length of horn, 46½ in.; spread from tip to tip, 36½ in.; and he informed me that the head, although not actually a record, ran it very close, and that it was the biggest he had ever measured himself. He also promised it a place in the next edition of his "Records of Big Game."

So much for sambhur-stalking. Another most excellent form of sport is the tracking of wild buffalo and bison, the best time for which is after the first few showers at the commencement of the rainy season, at the end of June or beginning of July, when the ground is soft, so that the tracks can be more easily followed up. The animals also come out then to graze on the young grass shooting up after the hot weather. The Gonds, the aboriginal tribesmen of these parts—lithe, active little fellows, well versed in woodcraft, and each carrying his curious-shaped and inseparable axe over his shoulder—are marvellous trackers, and will follow up tracks for a whole day, even over hard, rocky ground, where the only signs are a freshly-turned leaf or broken twig, without ever being at fault. They can also tell at once whether the tracks are fresh ones or those of yesterday, or the day before. Buffalo and bison are becoming rarer year by year, and only survive at all owing to careful preservation. In Central India certain tracts of forest are rigidly preserved as sanctuaries, where not a shot is allowed to be fired, and when granting permits in open forests, the number of head of game allowed to be shot under

each licence is strictly limited, generally to one bull buffalo and one bull bison for the period covered by the licence (usually fifteen days to a month), and there is also a substantial fine for shooting a cow. Tigers and panthers may, of course, be shot, *ad lib.* It is very difficult to distinguish the bull buffalo from the cows, as one generally gets but a momentary glimpse of him through thick bushes, and the only apparent mark by which to identify the bull is that his horns are much thicker and more massive than those of the cow. It is a dangerous and exciting business tracking a buffalo. One has, as a rule, to follow up the tracks through very thick jungle grass, much higher than one's self; and although so close to the animal that one can smell him and hear him stamping and snorting, or perhaps wallowing in mud, it is very seldom that one can get a sight of him. A buffalo, too, even when unwounded, has a most unpleasant habit of charging at sight, or at the shot, as also of doubling back on his tracks and suddenly rushing out on the unsuspecting sportsman, and it takes a steady nerve and a heavy bullet to stop him when thus on mischief intent.

To turn now to the other side of the picture. In September last year I was one of a party lunching at a hospitable and well-known mansion not far from Glencoe, when my host suddenly turned to me and asked if I would like a day's stalking. Needless to say what my reply was, and a few days later, as soon as I could get my rifle up from town, I found myself back again. Two of us started off to drive up the rugged glen, notorious in history as the scene of the massacre of the Macdonalds by the Campbells. (An attempt has been made in a recent novel, with but indifferent success, to give a different version of the story of the massacre; but the facts are only too well established, and the feud between the clans exists to this day. It may seem hardly credible, but it is a fact, that the march of some of the Campbells through the glen with pipes playing led to a strong protest, and very nearly to reprisals in a more active form, from the Macdonalds; and this within the last three or four years!) After some seventeen miles, over indifferent roads, we found ourselves at the shooting-box known as the Iron Lodge, the only habitation within miles being the King's House Inn, which stands about halfway through the glen. At the lodge we found plain, but comfortable, quarters, and were well looked after by two Highland maids, who are in charge during the shooting season. An early start was made the next morning, my friend taking the higher beat west of the lodge, while to my lot fell the lower ground known as the Black Corries, a peaty, mossy tract, forming very bad going after rain. Luckily for me, the weather had been fairly dry for some days, but, even with this, it was anything but good going. My stalker, Donald Cameron by name, was a fine specimen of a stalwart Highlander, and, on finding out that I am a Highlander myself, we were soon on the best of terms. I thought it best to take him into my confidence at once, so told him that, although I had had plenty of big-game-shooting in India, I had never stalked in the Highlands before; so I put myself entirely in his hands as far as the stalking was concerned, and was ready to walk all day, provided I was not hurried. A steady pull up for some two hours brought us to the top of the high ground, when a halt was called and the telescopes were got to work. A few minutes' careful spying

disclosed two herds, each with a good stag, and, choosing the more favourably placed of the two, we commenced to stalk. I now realised the wisdom of placing myself entirely in the stalker's hands, as the wind is so tricky in these corries that only an old, experienced hand can keep it right and take advantage of it. It also requires long practice to know when the herd, or, more difficult still, other herds than the one being stalked, have a view of one. When this happened to be the case, a whispered "I think we'll just crawl a wee bit the noo" brought me on to all fours for a toilsome crawl of some 200yds. or 300yds. through peaty bogs.

"Cuck-cuck-k-k!" What was that startling noise? A wretched, old, solitary cock grouse had got up in front of us and made straight in the direction of the herd, but, luckily, with no more mischievous result than to cause the watchful sentinel does to look up and around suspiciously. Then came the last few yards, lying flat on one's face, and dragging one's self along, rifle in hand ready for use, a careful peep over the top of the heather and then a view of the stag standing at about 120yds. range. A careful shot behind the shoulder, and, just at midday, my first stag was in the bag. After a short halt, the gillie came up with a pack-pony to take the stag home. Then came a repetition of the spying, followed by another similar stalk, and at about three o'clock I found myself within range of another stag, this time a fine eleven-pointer. He was lying behind a rock, his head just showing over it, and I stood behind another rock about 100yds. off waiting for him to get up. After about half-an-hour's wait he got up, and was shot in the shoulder in the act of doing so, falling dead on the spot. It was now after four o'clock, and we were a good seven miles from the lodge, so we started for home. On our way we saw four or five good stags on some high ground about half a mile off, and Cameron, who had got very keen after our two successful stalks, said, "It will no' be so far out of our way to go after them," so, nothing loth, I followed him. I came up with the stags after a somewhat difficult stalk, shot one (a switch-horn, which scaled over 17st.), and very nearly got a fourth. We then resumed our long tramp home, reaching the lodge about eight o'clock, the last hour or so in the dark over the rough peat bog being anything but pleasant going. My friend had arrived shortly before me, having bagged two stags.

The element of danger is in my opinion essential to true sport, so, much as I enjoyed my Highland stalking, I must unhesitatingly give the palm to the big-game-shooting in the East, where one pits one's knowledge of woodcraft and skill with the rifle against a really wild and dangerous animal. In both cases, however, the same qualities are necessary. One must be keen, active, patient and steady. Above all, my advice to the young aspirant is, "Take your time, hold straight, and shoot to kill."

D. CAMPBELL.

GOLDEN EAGLES.

FROM time to time, and often in columns which we should expect to be better informed, we read lamentations over the decrease of this or that wild bird, which we know, as a matter of fact, not to be at all on the decrease. Sometimes it is one of our rarer birds—the golden eagle, for instance, is a frequent case in point—over which these lamentations are made; sometimes one of the commoner kinds. It is only too true that many of our rarer birds

are being killed down, and every opportunity should be taken of protesting against their extinction. But the golden eagle is an example not happily chosen, the truth being, as is well known to many deer-stalkers, that he is distinctly on the increase in many forests, and would increase more rapidly if it were not that a necessity arises for keeping his numbers in close check, especially where there are not many blue hares for him to eat, because of the ravages that he commits on the shepherd's lambs. Where there are no, or but few, blue hares, a sprinkling of grouse are sometimes encouraged, even to the spoiling of many a stalk, in order to provide the eagles with some food other than young mutton. On grouse moors where there are eagles, the blue hares—poor quarry for the guns at the best—are often left to the eagles, in the hope that the big birds will then spare the grouse. Fur appears to be more appreciated by them than feather, when they can get it.

LITTLE OWLS.

It would be interesting if we could know how many of the little owls, specifically so-called, have been shot in mistake for woodcock. We have ourselves heard of several instances, the perpetrators always being overwhelmed with shame when they found out the error. This little bird, always with us in some small numbers, has increased very much in a great many places owing to people turning them down in the first instance and the natural process of Nature in the second. They are very jolly and most useful little birds, very brave, and are said to have been seen to tackle a full-grown rat. The numbers of smaller vermin, in mammal and insect form, which they destroy must be enormous. In covert, seen for a moment among the trees, they may well be taken for woodcock, especially as a beater is very likely, when one of them rises, to suggest woodcock to the mind of the shooter by a shout to that effect. With their soft, downy plumage, which gives scarcely any protection from the shot, they are very easily killed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"PARTRIDGE-DRIVING MADE EASY."

SIR,—In your interesting and very practical article by "A Head-keeper" on partridge-driving, there is surely one feature of the business which he treats with too much neglect. He is, of course, quite right in saying that the way to get at the birds first is to drive them down wind; but then does he not rather neglect the precept which is always inculcated, and which surely is shown to be right by happy experience, that the way really to get the birds is to be on and after them the moment a good lot of them have come over the guns—to go after these same birds and to try to get them back over the guns again, making for their home ground? This is the way to get them singly, and in small batches, before they have run together again after settling, so that many shots are obtained. Now all this has to be modified according to the direction of the wind, and sometimes it may be impracticable to bring the birds back over the guns in the face of a very strong wind; but in any case this principle is surely to be taken as a guiding one in conjunction with the other of driving down the wind. There is very much that is plain, good and useful in what the "Head-keeper" writes; if it were not so, it would not be worth while writing to notice what seems to be just wanted to make it of complete value. If a novice conducted his drives without attention to where the birds first put over the guns went to, as he might be led to do if he followed the "Head-keeper's" advice too closely, would he not miss a lot of birds? I think so. In a recent article in your admirable paper, comparing the advantages of two sets of beaters and one for partridge-driving, it was well said that the greater flexibility of one set was of value; because you could send them in any direction you liked to bring birds back. By the by, is not "Head-keeper" a little sanguine about the intelligence of the locals as to the direction of the wind? It is not every rustic that we are able to leave with such a free hand for steering himself into the right place, according to the wind, as he seems to think.—EAST ANGLIAN.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

ST. GEORGE'S, DEAL AND PRINCE'S.

IT is certain that there is going to be a perfect carnival of golf in that wonderful links country in the East of Kent about the end of May and beginning of June. The central point of the focus is the amateur championship—it is all to be amateur work. Then there is, of course, as a hardly annual fixture, the St. George's Vase (or Cup), and on top of it all the golf, whatever it may be, connected with the Olympic Games. In this regard considerable disappointment has been expressed. When the idea was first mooted it was proposed that a prominent member of the St. George's Golf Club, one who has twice been a runner-up in the amateur championship and has won the St. George's Vase, should appear in the centre of the Olympic stadium and give an exhibition, clad like an ancient Greek (not too heavily), of all the strokes in the game. Instead, what is now proposed, and I really do believe may be taken as definitely arranged, is that the St. George's Cup is to be played for on May 21st and 22nd, one round each day, because daylight hours did not suffice for the play of two rounds in that same competition on the last occasion when the amateur championship brought a large gathering down to Sandwich at the time of the cup contest. The international match is to be played on the 23rd, the amateur championship will stretch itself out from the 25th or 26th, according to the number of entries, till the 29th, and then the Olympic Games follow on June 1st, 2nd and 3rd. This makes a wonderful fortnight (for those who have leisure to spare for it) of amateur golf. It is proposed, or perhaps it is decided, that the St. George's Cup competition shall serve as a qualifying test to prove who are worthy to take part in the Olympian contest, thus giving a double interest to the former competition. The Olympic battle is to be

fought on the three greens, St. George's, Deal and Prince's on the successive days, and thus the new course at Sandwich jumps up at once into equal pride of place with the two championship greens. It is a compliment, in my humble judgment, which it very well deserves. Only once before has golf had a place in the Olympic Games—when they were held in Canada—and on that occasion the principal honours were taken by Mr. S. S. Lyon, who has been seen over here taking part in our amateur championship.

CHANGES AT ALDEBURGH.

There is certainly one course—perhaps there are many—which golfers do not know as well as it deserves. The particular one under present notice is the course at Aldeburgh in Suffolk. It has a combination—which is really rather pleasant—of inland and of seaside qualities. At the moment it is threatened with changes, some of the land now in golfing occupation being about to be taken for baser uses. But it does not seem altogether clear that in the end the golfing interest will suffer, for other land is to be made available which will bring the course to over 6,000yds. in length.

BRAID "MISSING THE BALL."

It would be nice to know how long it is since any one of the triumvirs, as it is the fashion to call them, has missed the Ball, and nicer still to be there to see the first occasion on which one of them does so. A lady in the gallery at Walton Heath the other day fancied for a moment that this great fortune had been hers. "Oh Lord!" she exclaimed, betrayed into a pardonable profanity by the greatness of the event, as Braid took a huge swing and nothing happened, "he's missed the Ball!" And so he had, but he had not aimed at it. He was only taking one of those practice swings about the value of which there is such a deal of present-day discussion.

BAMBOO BETTER THAN BROOM.

It is not necessary at this time of year to go to a golf course in order to learn what an amount of harm may be done to any green of an inland character, that is to say, having anything but a sandy soil, by the careless use of the broom—even if the broom is used as lightly as is possible. Where the gardener has been sweeping the leaves from the lawn we may always see the green smeared with mud, the grass blades all coated with it, many of them lying down, stuck together, rather as if a varnish of brown paste had been carried over all this particular part of the lawn. Here and there patches seem to be quite bare of grass, so completely has the action of the broom laid and plastered them down and covered them over with the mud. The moral of it all is, of course, that the broom should be used as lightly and as sparingly as possible on the golf course. Leaves, to be sure, must be collected, and on a good many inland courses there is a fine fall of these. At the seaside, as a rule, they do not occur. But the bamboo rod, so much in use at St. Andrews and wherever else it has had an unprejudiced trial, will do all that is wanted in the way of breaking up worm-casts and so on, does not create the smears and does not plaster down the grass. Moreover, the same ground is covered in about a third of the time with the bamboo as with the broom.

AT PAU AND BIARRITZ.

The time has come when the British golfer begins to shiver and to think of golf in places which he fondly hopes to find warmer than his home. The chief programmes abroad have been arranged. There is Pau, to name the senior club first, with the Anstruther Shield on January 6th, the Arthur Port medal on January 11th, the Ville de Pau tournament on February 14th and 15th, the Victor Brooke cup on March 2nd and 3rd, on March 4th the Hamilton tournament, the captain's prize beginning on March 30th and the open handicap competition on April 6th and 7th. And yet we always tell the ladies they never play except for prizes! At Biarritz the competition era is a less extended one—chiefly from March 10th to April 6th. Under the cheery captaincy of Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest the club should go far—if not always dead "on the line." The annual foursome between Pau and Biarritz for poor Lord Kilmaine's cup is fixed for March 24th at Biarritz and March 27th at Pau. H. G. H.

THE TRAINING OF THE CADDIE.

Daily observation of the eccentricities of the caddie must convince all players that there is much room for improvement in his training. The great object of his attendance, whether man or boy, would seem to go beyond no higher desire than to bear the bag of clubs round the links and to earn his money as easily as possible. The details of his calling have not been learned even in the most elementary sense, and a good many of the present-day caddies appear to be reluctant to acquire them. They leave the players for whom they carry to look after a great many irritating things that money is paid to them to relieve golfers of; but reiterated expostulation in the course of play does not seem to produce any permanent effect on the bettering of the caddies' training. Take, for example, the elementary duty of teeing the player's ball. Nine out of ten of the present-day caddies waste ten times more sand out of the teeing-boxes than is at all needful. Each of them puts down a mass of loose sand whose rim projects beyond the circumference of the ball, and then the ball is pressed into the midst of the mass. The result is that unless the golfer is more than usually watchful he will find the majority of his tee shots either badly hit or unaccountably floundered, because before the club reaches the ball the head has first of all to remove the mass of intervening sand. What caddie employment amounts to, therefore, at the present day on the majority of links is that each golfer has to train him to respond to his own requirements, and then to pay him the same amount as is received by the most highly-trained and efficient caddie on the links.

THE PAYMENT OF TRAINED AND UNTRAINED CADDIES.

This inequality of treatment in the remuneration of the untrained and trained caddie does not seem to be either just or fair. The present method of making no differentiation in the payment between the two classes occasionally leads to great discontent between the really efficient and the inefficient among the club carriers, and it has from time to time led to a strike. A good many clubs have tried the expedient of classification into first and second class caddies; but the principle of differentiation here is guided more by the elastic quality of age than golfing ability. Classification is scarcely ever permanently successful or enduring, for the occasions are by no means infrequent when trial proves that more often than not the second-class caddie gives the better aid of the two. What seems to be needed in all the big and largely-attended clubs in the neighbourhood of the large towns is the training and thorough examination of the caddies in the duties expected of them by the golfer. Obviously the person to whom this duty ought to be allocated is the caddie-master, who is already charged with the supervision of their discipline and behaviour. A caddie who puts his name down for registration, and as an applicant for permanent employment, should have to pass the ordeal of making a tee of sand to the satisfaction of at least one of the most experienced players of the club. He should also be taught to distinguish one play club from another, so that the extremely irritating experience of receiving a brassie when you want a putter shall no longer be borne. Some improvement is also needed in training the eye to follow the flight of the ball and in marking the spot exactly where it fell. Lost balls and long hunting expeditions in the rough are now far too frequent. General observation of the London caddie, at any rate, convinces one that his payment is in a higher ratio than the technical value of his services to the player. The caddie is not being made to realise so urgently as is desirable for the good playing of the game throughout, that something more is expected of him than merely to trudge carelessly along in the wake of a fuming player as a less or more intelligent beast of burden. The golfer's responsibility to the caddie has become increasingly onerous of late years, and one of the directions in which his desire to improve him might be directed is in exacting greater attention to the playing of the game and in bettering his all-round training.

THRIFT AND THE CADDIE.

A short time ago the Hythe caddies were treated to a supper, and Mr. Alderman Jeal, in the course of a short address to them, promised a gift

of £1 to the boy caddie who proved that he had been successful in the course of the year in putting aside the largest amount of money in the way of savings. It is, in effect, a competition in thrift, and as such the object aimed at is most praiseworthy. The incentive of winning the alderman's sovereign will, at any rate, induce the lads, it is to be hoped, rigidly to husband their earnings instead of squandering them on the too common principle followed by the classes who earn a precarious living from irregular employment—"lightly come, lightly go." When boys on the links are led by some such stimulus as this to acquire in the early and impressionable years of adolescence qualities of self-restraint, economy and prudence, there can be no doubt that their character will take a harder and finer temper, more likely in the years to come to make good and substantial citizens of them. As a benevolent agency of local good, a golf club is notoriously conspicuous, for here at Hythe £2,000 were distributed among the caddies during the year. By encouraging the boys to cultivate the elements of thrift the alderman has undertaken a piece of sound practical work, and it is to be hoped that his encouragement will meet with a gratifying response from the caddies. The writer knew a boy at Gullane who put all his earnings in a stocking at home, and, after paying the rent of his father's cottage, was enabled, out of his caddie savings, to attend the classes later in life at the Edinburgh University.

THE NEW TENANT AT ARCHERFIELD.

It is announced that Mr. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has become the new autumn tenant of Mrs. Hamilton Ogilvy's fine old Jacobean mansion of Archerfield, near North Berwick. The house and the links attached to it have been long associated with the name of Mr. James Law of the *Scotsman*, who almost as far back as we can remember has been the summer tenant, and gathered around him there a number of the leading golfers in and out of Parliament, to arrange matches, and generally to hold a very interesting gathering of golfers and other sportsmen. Mr. Balfour and his brother Gerald were frequent visitors to the Archerfield links, the quietness of the green there being in marked contrast to the hubbub and the overcrowding a mile or so away at North Berwick. The late Mr. F. G. Tait was also a frequent guest. It is related of that ex-amateur champion, that when defeated at Pre twick owing to a bad cleek shot, he came straight through to Archerfield, refrained from joining in the matches next day, and spent a couple of hours or more playing cleek shots with a large number of balls at the very troublesome short hole far out towards the Firth of Forth. He set himself the task of getting rid of his defective cleek play at all costs, and he succeeded. Lord Selby, Lord Dudley, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and other Parliamentary golfers were also often at Archerfield, and though Mr. Asquith has not taken a share in the tournament of the legislators for some years, he will be able to enjoy, in the society of his friends, many golf matches on one of the most beautiful private links in Scotland. A. J. R.

BIG MATCHES.

SURELY it is not very possible to look on such a match as that between Massy and Braid (it is only common courtesy to put the champion and the foreigner first) as other than big. We are told, of course, that it is nothing like so "big" as the match which we are going to see between the same two in the spring—and why, forsooth!—because in the spring match there is to be a stake of £100, whereas here it was only an "exhibition" affair, and the rewards, as we may suppose, shared between France and Scotland, those ancient allies, amicably. It is very absurd, but no doubt the stake money does make a difference, though in both cases the same giants will be doing battle. The gage of battle makes a difference. A man lived and wrote a long while ago—Dean Swift, historian of Gulliver and his travels—to teach us that size depended principally on the eyes with which it was viewed. The match which stands out biggest in my own retrospect is the first big match that I saw, and that was partly, no doubt, because I brought eyes set at the right focus—hero-worshipping eyes—to see it large. But the contestants were men worthy to be heroes of an epic story, too. The scene was Westward Ho!—that, too, a very worthy setting—and the men were, in the first place, our own familiar friend, resident professional to the club, Johnny Allan; secondly, the renowned Young Tommy Morris; and, finally, Bob Kirk.

The performance began with a match between Allan and Morris. I can remember now, as well as if it were yesterday, running as a boy after Johnny Allan, who had driven rather too direct and daring a shot over those "Alps" that were so great a feature of the Westward Ho! course of that era. I was eager to see what lie he had. This was in the contest with Young Tommy, then at the top of his fine and most slashing game, and chucking his Scotch bonnet—Tam o' Shanter, or whatever is the correct name of it—off his head at each drive in the energy with which he went at the ball. But, for all that, our Johnny Allan beat him. That was splendid work, and when, after that, Johnny went out to play Bob Kirk (Tommy had already beaten him), we looked on at it as a foregone conclusion in Johnny's favour. However, that was not at all the light in which Bob Kirk, gallant fighter, looked at it. He played so confoundedly well (there was never a man in the world worse hated than Bob Kirk was at that moment by us boys) that he stood dorny one on Johnny. Then (and this is the crucial point, which all that has gone before merely leads up to) Bob, coming to the last hole, drove himself into one of those highly-set-up islands left in the middle of the bunker, of the original height of the ground before

wind and water had worn the rest of it away to a 6 ft. lower level. The lie of the ball was all right, but it was within 6 in. of the south cliff of the plateau, which was 6 ft. high, and as the last hole was then where the third is now, that is to say, due west from Bob's ball, it is evident that, to play it normally, he would have to stand 6 ft. below it (and as he was scarcely 5 ft. high himself, that would not give him a very good look at it), or else he must play it sideways, in any other direction than that of the hole. So we chuckled, unconcealed, and reckoned already that Johnny had that hole and a half of the match. But yet again we reckoned without our Kirk. He looked at the ball a moment, having hoisted himself to its high level, did not seem half so appalled at the situation as we felt that he ought to have been, took from his clubs one that somehow had escaped our notice before—although we had given them a pretty good overhauling—a left-handed spoon, and therewith, after a single practice swing, he addressed the ball and sent it flying straight towards the hole and nearly home.

Of course, it won the match, and, of course, it was magnificent, but we had a feeling—seeing that it cost the match to our local friend—that it was not exactly golf; rather a kind of conjuring trick, not quite fair. I think of all the big strokes in all the big matches that I have seen this left-hander of Bob Kirk's looms the biggest of all in my memory—and what a while it has been there. I can feel the mingling of pain and admiration that the shot gave me now.

Bob Kirk came down again to Westward Ho! and played in another, even bigger match, against Johnny Allan's brother Jamie—a better player than Johnny, and at one time certainly the best player in the world. Jamie gave Bob a dreadful trouncing at Westward Ho! (it was a four-round match, on two Scottish greens and two English ones), although Bob played quite good golf then. But Jamie was faultless. Afterwards Bob went all to pieces, and Jamie won anyhow. Then the St. Andrews folk put up Jamie Anderson, a year or so later, to try to beat Jamie Allan on the same terms, and the douce little man, with his short, straight driving and his wonderful approaching and putting, succeeded; but Jamie Allan did not produce the same sample of game against Jamie Anderson that he showed to Bob Kirk. No man could have beaten him if he had—I speak, at least, of my own conviction, as an eye-witness.

It is impossible to speak of big matches of the past without reference sooner or later to the classical match of Allan Robertson and Old Tom against the two Dunns, when, at North Berwick, the latter were four up and one round (of eight holes) to play. One must relate again the moving tale how the St. Andrews men reduced the odds till the match was square with two holes to go. The last hole but one was halved; then the Dunns sliced on to the road at the last hole of all, and lay behind a huge boulder which evidently the Devil had put there for the purpose (he is always very much in evidence in Scottish story), and the end of it was that the Dunns struck sparks from the Devil's boulder instead of hitting the ball, and so gave away the match. To come back to more modern days, Mr. John Ball has had some notable finishes. I remember one that went against him at St. Andrews in the amateur championship—very near the final round—with Mr. Laidlay. The eighteen holes had been halved, so on they went. They halved the nineteenth. At that green Willie Campbell, standing by me, had a telegram handed to him. "Will you open it for me, Mr. Hutchinson?" he said. "My hand's shaking so I canna'." And it was obvious truth, though Campbell could finish one of his own big matches (and did to the cost of Willie Park and others) as pluckily as any man. The match went on to the second hole. The wind must have been a little behind. Mr. Laidlay played his second with his cleek, and I rather thought he was a little bit short, but it was a very fine shot "whatever." Then Mr. Ball took some iron thing and played what looked like "a painted picture." When we came up, it had overrun the green and just dropped over the edge of the bunker beyond. So "his day's work was done." Then that was a great finish of his, and really rather hard on the other man, Mr. F. G. Tait, when, after finishing all square in the final for the amateur championship at Prestwick, he did the thirty-seventh hole in three, against Mr. Tait's certain four. Another finish—this time very lucky for "the other man"—was in the final of the second amateur championship at Hoylake. I was the other lucky man then, for Mr. Ball topped his tee shot to the last hole (now the seventeenth) into a bunker, and so gave me the match. Willie Fernie was the hero of a great finish at Musselburgh in playing off a tie for the open championship with Bob Ferguson. The last hole at Musselburgh is, or was, about a full cleek shot with a gutta-percha ball. Ferguson, playing first, was a little wide of the hole, but he had a stroke in hand, and the hole is, perhaps, more often done in four than three. Fernie made a perfect drive, and his three looked a certainty. Neither, however, in the event, did a three, for Ferguson, unlike himself, failed to get dead, Fernie holed his putt for two, Ferguson missed for three, and so the championship went to Fernie.

Embarked on these reminiscences, one hardly knows where to stop. One remarkable finish I remember, of which Mr. Tait

was the hero, Mr. Mure Fergusson the victim. They were running neck and neck, ahead of all the field, for the St. George's Vase at Sandwich. With strokes all even they came to the last green. Mr. Tait was away beyond the hole, near where the piling used to be; Mr. Fergusson was nearly dead. Then "Freddy" took that lofted cleek, a most unpromising-looking weapon, with which he used to work miracles, and trundled the ball up with a half-running, half-lofted shot, and it came on and on till it trickled right into the hole. And Mr. Fergusson missed! *Sunt lacrymæ rerum!* There are so many things which happen in golf which seem as if they never ought to or could happen. That is what makes it the game it is.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF COURSES.

SIR,—I have just been reading in your journal some remarks on the Deal course. As I have studied and played on most of the best links in the three kingdoms, and have had experience in green work as an hon. secretary, perhaps some of your readers may care to hear my views about the Royal and Ancient game, although I am only a humble minus handicap man. On most links all hazards are being removed from the centre of the course in order that the long hitter may reach the green in two. By all means give him a chance to do so, but green committees do not go the right way about it. The latest craze is to have the hole in sight from start to finish, the course to be like a billiard-table with unguarded greens. Therefore, a badly topped ball will run as far as, or further than, a good shot, and the putter can be, and is, used to run the ball up to the hole from long distances. "All the sport is being taken out of the game," exclaimed a Southern caddie to his employer. He might have added, "And it has become deadly monotonous." Golf originally was probably played over hill and dale, the player having to take things as they came. This is impracticable for us, but, nevertheless, we ought to endeavour to make and to keep the links as natural as possible. I recommend anyone who wishes to improve his game to go and practise for a month at Machrihanish or Malahide Island, near Dublin, and I will undertake to say that he will learn more there in a month than in years on some courses that I could mention. If I were called upon to lay out links, my general idea would be: (1) to give the player every variety of shot in golf; (2) narrow course; (3) small, well-guarded, undulating greens, difficult of approach; (4) hazards all over the place, to make the golfer play with his head and show his skill. Some men forget that golf is a scientific game. I would put some of the tees about 120 yds. in the rough at an angle towards the fairway (dog-legged? see Prince's, Sandwich). This would give the long driver a great advantage without spoiling the whole course, as is now being done nearly everywhere. With this arrangement he, by cutting off the corner, would be able to land his ball within reach of the green, whereas others would be obliged to take the shortest way to the smooth, and consequently be much further from the hole. I should have four long holes with the run-up approach; four short ones, made as difficult as possible, the player having to put a cut on his ball, etc.; four blind holes (second shot preferred) to suit those men who can judge them better than others—to catch the man who cannot lift his ball and to avoid monotony; six of medium length, with greens so guarded as to make the player pitch his ball on to a certain spot, in order that he may have an easy approach. I would have any amount of traps to catch the wild slogger who does not know where his ball is going to. Plenty of natural hazards, also in places belts of rough grass to prevent anyone from dribbling his ball on to the green with his putter, and, if necessary, artificial bunkers, deep pots like those at Walton Heath. If, however, the ground will not admit of these being dug out, then banked bunkers; but the bank must be upright, not sloping, as these resilient balls will not stop in them. Here is an instance: Not long ago I had a game with a young Irishman. Before we started he said that as I had taken much money from his country, he intended to recover at least one of my hard-earned half-crowns. We were having a ding-dong match, and the strain was becoming acute, when he sliced his ball straight for a newly-made bunker. I was chuckling to myself, when, to my surprise, out came the ball from the shallow, badly-made hazard, its sloping bank shooting it about 30 yds. towards the hole. If nothing had been there my friend would have been in the rough, and I should probably have won the hole, instead of having to ram down a long putt to halve it. When you do a thing, do it well. When you make a bunker, make one which will hold the ball and cost the fooler a stroke. I must not trespass, Sir, any further on your valuable space, so I will conclude by saying that in the Navy sailors sometimes remark that the Service is going to the —! I am beginning to think that golf is heading that way too, so I trust that committees and members will do their level best to save the noble game from descending to those regions of which we hear so much and are so anxious to avoid.—CHARLES E. READE (Captain R.N., retired).

CRICKET.

WHEN the M.C.C. undertook the extremely onerous task of selecting a team to represent England in Australia, rumour said that from first to last, before the final selection was made, they were met with no fewer than twelve refusals. Whether this is true or not, it is certain that, among amateurs, Messrs. Jackson, Fry, R. E. Foster and Jessop, and, among professionals, Hayward, Tyldesley, Arnold and Hirst, refused or were unable to go; and the non-inclusion of these players seemed almost enough to justify those who said that the team that actually started was only a second eleven. Granted that it is almost impossible to discriminate in such a difficult question, it may be doubted whether any eleven the M.C.C.

could send would up to date have played any better. In the first place, if all the players just mentioned had gone out, the batting would without doubt have been stronger, but the bowling probably, and the fielding certainly, would have been weaker. If Hirst had gone, perhaps Barnes would have been left out. Barnes's bowling at the present time seems to be the most likely cause of possible success in the Test Matches. Again, Hayward and Mr. Jackson are not now the first-rate fieldsmen that Mr. Jones and Hardstaff are, and, in all human probability, neither of these cricketers would have been chosen for a truly representative first eleven; and not only have both of them fielded splendidly, but their batting so far has been as good as their fielding, and that is high praise enough. Up to the present the side have played six matches and have won four; but in estimating their merits we need only specially refer to the matches against Victoria and New South Wales. It is true that the match against a so-called eleven of Australia at Brisbane might have claims to be considered, but the English captain very properly did not play Barnes, who, so far, has proved himself the best bowler of the side, neither was the match finished. The two matches against Victoria and New South Wales presented the most remarkable contrast. To judge from what we know of Australian cricket, New South Wales seems to possess most of the talent. Trumper, Noble and Duff are about the three best batsmen, Noble and Hopkins, leaving out Armstrong, the two best all-round men, and Cotter by far the best fast bowler. And yet New South Wales were simply pulverised by the English team, while Victoria, without Armstrong, won a moral victory. This may be explained by the fact that some of the lesser-known players are as good as, or better than, the Nobles and Trumpers we in England know so well; but though the tremendous victory over New South Wales, taken by itself, might make us hopeful that our men are as good as, or better than, a representative Australian eleven, the Victoria match makes us pause. Our real chance of winning the majority of the Test Matches seems to depend on the bowling. If the wickets are hard and fast it is the fast bowling of Barnes and Fielder that will probably give us the best chance, helped, as these two bowlers may be, by

Braund, whom the Australians do not seem to play well, even after all the practice many of them have had against him. If the wickets are slow and catchy we may trust Blythe and Crawford and Rhodes. The field must, however, support their bowlers by not dropping catches; and if they will only do this, we are not without hopes of keeping the ashes, and we venture on this opinion after seeing by the scores how the matches have on the whole so far gone. Our batting wants just something to inspire confidence. Hayes and Hobbs, so far, have failed in the way Surrey men have a way of doing away from the Oval. Mr. Crawford and Mr. Young have not done much, and there seems, somehow, always a chance of a breakdown, and too much depends on Mr. Hutchings. Braund has played with admirable nerve, and seems always to rise to the occasion; and Hardstaff, so far, has been the great success of the tour. But the side sadly wants Mr. Fry and Mr. Foster, for these two would help the batting enormously and would not weaken the fielding. Every cricketer knows what confidence a really good performer gives to the whole side, and Mr. Fry is just a case in point. We have all seen him break up the bowling before the fall of the first wicket, and with Mr. Hutchings to follow to take advantage of a demoralised side, the English team would with Mr. Fry become a very dangerous batting side. At the moment of writing, news has just come that the Australian Eleven has been selected, and that Mr. Jones is not sufficiently recovered, from what was very nearly a severe illness, to play in the first Test Match. Mr. Jones's illness is a cruel bit of bad luck. He has never batted better in his life, and under his management the English side have been very successful and have fairly got into their stride. We all know what his fielding is, and as a captain in the field there is nobody in England or even the world quite so good. All we can hope is that his recovery may not be so long delayed as to make it improbable that he will come back to his form; but in any case it is a cruel blow, and very likely may prove to be the reason for losing the first match. But even without him we have good hopes that in the first Test Match the side will do themselves credit, whether they win or lose.

R. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CARVINGS AT PETWORTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to my article on Petworth in your Christmas Number, a correspondent writes that it seems not to be the case that King Charles II. purchased Grinling Gibbons's carved copy of one of Tintoretto's cartoons. He adds: "The careless king trusted to the queen's doing so, but a 'French peddling woman began to find fault with several things in the worke which she understood no more than an asse or a monkey,' as John Evelyn tells us in his diary under date March 1st, 1671. The carving was ultimately acquired by Sir John Viner for £80." This is interesting, as, on the authority of Horace Walpole, it has always been held that this carving was bought by the king, who gave it to the Duke of Chandos for Cannons. Correspondence in the *Bui der* and in *Notes and Queries* some forty years ago sought to establish that this very carving from Cannons was then the property of Mr. Gurdon Rebow. But as Mr. Rebow's carving, which undoubtedly was traceable to Cannons, represented Tintoretto's "Stoning of Stephen," whereas Evelyn specially states that the one he showed to Charles II. represented the "Crucifixion," it certainly seemed that error had crept in somewhere. Evelyn's testimony would tend to show that the king did not buy the carving which Evelyn had found Gibbons at work on, and that this carving was not the one which went to Cannons and then into the possession of Mr. Rebow.—T.

IN A MADEIRA GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The aloe flower (*Agave americana*) depicted in the accompanying photograph grew up to its height of some 30ft. during the short space of four weeks in a Madeira garden. The plant formed a most striking feature with its yellow blossoms and blue-green leaves. This aloe only flowers when it reaches its full maturity, which may be at the age of thirty or forty years, and after making this great effort the whole plant shrivels up and dies, but not before the flowers have turned into many small plants, which hang in heavy clusters on the parent stem. The natives of Madeira use the dried fibre of these aloe leaves to knit into fine lace doyleys.—B.

EARLY LONDON CROCUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At the end of November I noticed that the crocuses were $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 1 in. above the ground on the Victoria Embankment between the Inner Temple

Gardens and Blackfriars Bridge. They must, therefore, have been above ground some days, appearing probably about the middle of November. Certainly in that situation they always appear some time before they are up anywhere else, which may be due to the warmth of the District Railway running just underneath them.

But mid-November, indeed any time in November, is surely phenomenally early for them to be up at all, even on the Victoria Embankment. I watch year after year for the crocuses in London, and never saw a sign of one so early before; nor can I yet find any signs of them in any of the parks.—CONSTANCE A. BARNICOAT.

WASPS IN DECEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—When shooting at Clevedon, Somerset, on Thursday, December 5th, I was surprised to find a wasps' nest, with the wasps flying in and out of it. Is not this unusual for the time of year?—A. H. PLATT.

TUNNY IN ENGLISH WATERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In reference to the photograph of a tunny which appeared in your issue of December 14th, the fish appears to be that of a fair-sized specimen of the common tunny (*Scomber thynnus* or *Thynnus vulgaris*), a somewhat rare visitor in British waters, though Couch remarks that they sometimes wander, in companies of three or four, and visit our coasts, especially on the western borders of the Channel, in summer and autumn, "when their headlong eagerness often drives them into the floating nets, in which they become entangled, and where not infrequently they are held by the roughness of their teeth alone." Probably the great increase of traffic and fishery development has made these interesting wanderers scarcer on our coasts than in Couch's time. He adds: "They even reach the borders of Scotland, and have been taken at Gothenburg, in Sweden, in pursuit

of herrings, and other fish of similar size and habits; but I have not been informed of their taking a bait with us, although where they are more abundant the fishermen obtain success with even a clumsy imitation of living fish, of which the Sardine, Flying Fish, and Mackerel are the most successful." The "clumsy imitation" referred to by the good old Cornish naturalist may have been something like the spinning feather-bait used off Sardinia, and the curiously-shredded maize husk of the Portuguese and Spanish fishermen mentioned in a previous communication. It is interesting to note that, even in Couch's days, tunny, where abundant, were caught with hook and line, probably not with the rod, the British Sea Anglers' Society's



"Cupiantur Arundine Pisces" not being so widespread a motto as in the present century, though the Spanish and Portuguese fishermen have for many years used long rods or light spars boomed out from their sailing-boats, with suitable lines and hooks, for the capture of the bonito and, I think, the lesser tunny (*Thynnus tonnina*) and the pelamid (*Pelamys sarda*). In addition to the neighbourhood of Sardinia and Corsica and other parts of the Mediterranean, the Adriatic might probably afford happy hunting-grounds for sea-anglers in search of the biggest of sensations, for Consul Faber of Fiume, in his valuable and elaborately illustrated work on the "Fisheries of the Adriatic," speaks of tunny-fisheries at Preluca (district Volosca, Istria), at the northernmost head of the Gulf of Fiume, and at Castelmuschio, on the Island of Veglia (the former communal, the latter private). There is in his book an illustration of the first-named station, a bay with grand mountain environment, showing two lofty ladder-like erections sloping over the bay, from the top of which, at a dizzy height, the look-out men, like the Cornish pilchard-huvers, warn their comrades below of the presence of the huge fish. And, speaking of Fiume and the Hungarian-Croatian littoral, the author states that the principal summer fisheries comprise the tunny, mackerel, pelamid, pilchard and whiting, and are carried on chiefly by the native fishermen, who are of the poorest, their stock-in-trade being of the most primitive kind. A plate shows no less than fifteen *tonnare*, or tunny-fisheries, on the coast, the principal being those of Buccari, Buccarica, San Giacomo, Voz and Peschera.—CHARLES A. PAYTON, Calais.

A HEARTY OLD AGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I send the enclosed photograph hoping that it may interest your readers. It is of our old pony. This photograph was taken two years ago, when she was thirty-two years old, and she was then regularly driven. She



is still well and lively-looking, but I have not a recent photograph. We have had her over twenty years and ridden and driven her a great deal during all that time.—AILEEN JOHNSTON.

THE TREATMENT OF HAWS BEFORE SOWING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Could you or any of your readers tell me the right way to treat haws, gathered now, so that they may be fit for sowing in the spring?—O. W.

[The haws should be laid on the ground in a heap about 2ft. high and 4ft. broad at base, in order to rot the pulp and separate it from the stones. It is well to mix finely-riddled soil, bulk for bulk, with the haws themselves, so as to hasten the decomposition of the pulp. The whole heap should be turned over once a fortnight, and allowed to lie for fifteen or sixteen months, when the pulp will be quite decomposed, and the seed ready for sowing. Haws gathered and treated in this manner during November, 1904, would be ready for sowing in February, 1906.—ED.]

BATH BUNS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Some of your American readers would be so pleased if you could give them in COUNTRY LIFE a good recipe for the 2d. Bath buns that are sold all over England.—E. C. GALBRAITH.

A TAME PARTRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This photograph shows a tame partridge who has lived among the cocks and hens for eighteen months. This clever little bird answers to the name of Joey, and is a great pet with the family. She comes quite close to whoever goes to feed her without the least fear. Several times other partridges have come to try and persuade Joey "to go out into the world," but she chases them all away and remains firmly convinced that "there is no place like home."—FLORENCE BOURNE WHEELER, Skegness.



THE SOFT SOUTH WIND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The writer of an article, "The Wild North-Easter," in COUNTRY LIFE of November 16th, says: "Charles Kingsley . . . did not write odes to the west wind and the south wind; nor did he see much to praise in the soft south-west." But Kingsley did sing the praises of the soft south wind, as the following extract from "Letters and Memories of his Life," edited by his wife, proves: "With spring his thoughts turned to fishing; and one April morning when the south-west wind wafted certain well-known sounds from the camp, the South Western Railway and Heckfield Place to the little Rectory, these lines were written and put into his wife's hand:

"Oh blessed drums of Aldershot!
Oh blessed South-West train!
Oh blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,
All prophesying rain!

Oh blessed yaffil, laughing loud!
Oh blessed falling glass!
Oh blessed fan of cold grey cloud!
Oh blessed smell'ng grass!

Oh bless'd South wind that toots his horn
Through every hole and crack!
I'm off at eight to-morrow morn
To bring *suck* fishes back!

Eversley, April 1st, 1856."

—J. R. H.

A WESTMORLAND HOMESTEAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The use of the flail is not absolutely extinct in England, for there are to-day farms in the dales of Cumberland, Westmorland and North-West

Lancashire where this ancient implement is still used to thresh out the day's supply of oats. Across the river from my home stands a venerable "hall" farm owned by Lord Muncaster, in the great barn of which any morning as you pass by about ten o'clock you may hear the gentle thud, thud as the flail descends upon the full ears of the corn. It would be interesting to hear if the flail is still used in other districts as well as in these remote dales.—MARY CICKLY FAIR.

[The flail was until quite recently in use on one farm in Dorset, but only on wet days, to make a job for the labourers.—ED.]

